Jessie Alexander's Platform Sketches

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Jessie Alexander

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Original and adapted

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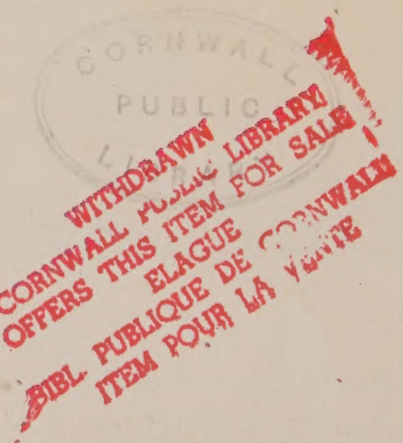

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

My most cordial thanks are due to the following Authors and Publishers for their kind permission to use the selections of which they own the copyright:

Mrs. Drummond for poems taken from *The Habitant, Johnnie Courteau* and *The Voyageur* by the late Dr. W. H. Drummond.

G. R. Sims and Chatto and Windus, London, for *The Browns of Walham Green.*

Toronto Saturday Night for *Hooley's "Wan Chick"* by Frances Macartney.

The Religious Tract Society, London, for *I Hae Changed Ma Mind* by Mary Manners.

Mrs. S. R. Crockett and The Macmillan Company, New York, for *In Covenanting Days* from *The Men of the Moss Hags* by S. R. Crockett.

Macmillan & Co., London, for *Is Live Worth Living?* by Alfred Austin.

Mrs. Jean Blewett for *Life's Grandest Thing.*

Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, for *Prior to Miss Belle's Appearance* by James Whitcomb Riley. From the Biographical Edition of the Complete Works of James Whitcomb Riley. Copyright 1913. Used by special permission of the publishers.

The Author and *Good Housekeeping* for *Should Women Propose?* by Dorothy Dix.

Mrs. James Buckingham for *The Song in the Market Place* by the late James Buckingham.

Hodder and Stoughton, London, for *Through the Flood* from *The Bonnie Briar Bush* by Ian MacLaren.

McClure's Magazine for *The Wee Tay Table* by Shan Bullock.

The Author and *The Smart Set for The Land of Beginning Again* by Louise Fletcher Connelly.

William Briggs, Toronto, for *'Ceptin' Me* from *Flower Legends* by Alma F. McCollum.

The Author and Forbes & Co., Chicago, for selections from *Old Ace and Other Poems* by Fred Emerson Brooks.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

T. N. Foulis, London, for *A London Lyric* by Arthur H. Adams.

W. B. Conkey Company, Chicago, for *My Ships* by Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Hutchinson & Co., London, for *Mrs. Bateson's Tea Party* by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.

Alex. Gardner, Paisley, for *Saunders M'Glashan's Courtship* by Donald Kennedy.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, for *Luke* by Bret Harte.

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A CONFIDENTIAL PREFACE AND SOME REMINISCENCES

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My Dear Public,—

For a quarter of a Century I have professionally entertained—or bored—you. How many years before that, my amateur efforts were inflicted upon you, I shall not say, lest you should put two and two together and make—five. Suffice it to say that from the time "Wee Jessie" made her initial bow at four years old, till to-day, when she is thinking of dropping her farewell curtsy, she realizes that you have been her loyal friend, her benefactor and her unconscious instructor.

Artists are the children of the People—in their hands to make or mar, and not one who has enjoyed the smallest degree of success, but recognizes the debt owed to the big generous public, who welcomed the little amateur, responded to all that was natural and spontaneous, stiffened towards the artificial or grotesque, encouraged aspirations to more serious art, criticized passing fads and affectations and were always heartily appreciative of all that was human and genuine.

I never remember a time when I did not recite. I think I was born with a quotation, rather than a silver spoon in my mouth, for my father was a verse-lover, and though he died when I was three and a half, he

had already taught me a number of rhymes, some of which I still remember. I do not, however, recollect my father's reciting, but Scotch friends tell of amateur performances in Glasgow, of Sir Walter Scott's "Rob Roy," in which my father took the comedy part of Baillie Nichol Jarvie so acceptably, as to win considerable praise from critics; his characterization was, at least, distinct enough to remain in the memory of his friends for many years. Some of his business associates remember his habit of "spouting Shakespeare" at noon. Imagine a man in a Toronto office nowadays, filling noon hour with the quarrel-scene from "Julius Caesar" and similar orations!

When my father left us, he bequeathed to all his children a love of dramatic and romantic literature and a keen sense of humour. Reciting was not thought much of in a household where every one was doing it; it was a very commonplace accomplishment; that is why my family have always been my severest critics and most valuable advisers. They were scathingly critical of my first semi-public utterance which occurred when an elder sister's Sunday-school teacher asked if Jessie could say "a little verse or hymn" and she promptly responded with:

"Solomon Grundy was born on Monday,
Christened on Tuesday, married on Wednesday,
Took sick on Thursday, worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday, buried on Sunday
And that's the end of Solomon Grundy."

So hurriedly, I am told, was this rattled off without a punctuating breath, that the "through train" could not be stopped till the life journey of Mr. Grundy was completed. Big sister was intensely mortified and there ended the first lesson on a suitable choice of selection for place and occasion.

At four years old, I was borrowed by Queen St. Methodist Sunday School for the Anniversary and recounted to a large audience, the contents of "My Pocket"—which was longer and fuller than it has ever been since. So gratifying—to me—was my reception on that occasion, that I again humiliated the family by refusing to leave the platform till I had unburdened myself of my whole repertoire.

From that time on, recitations were in order on all festive occasions and scarcely a day passed without rehearsals; at the end of the charwoman's day, I was called into the kitchen to add the flavour of a "piece" to her generous tea, for my mother loved every human being with whom she came in contact and was correspondingly loved in return. Any discouragement suffered through the ridicule of brothers and sisters was offset by my mother's faith in me and the favour of an uncritical public.

My first fee—or was it rather a bribe?—"shines" still in my recollection; at a school "examination" after I had delivered the usual recitation, one of the prize-givers, Alderman Baxter, just arrived, asked "if Jessie Alexander was not going to recite?" But Jessie

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had done her stunt and was not minded to repeat it for anybody, till she saw, between the fingers of the genial Alderman, the gleam of a silver coin; then with the promptness of a penny-in-the-slot-machine, out came the desired recitation—Hood's "Ode to My Infant Son."

Getting ready for a party, an invariable question was, "If you are asked to recite what will you do?" for, like "Little Tommy Tucker who sang for his supper," I did not expect to be entertained without giving something in return, though I was strictly charged not to offer my services, but simply to respond when asked, as promptly as I should if asked to pass the cake.

My reciting has helped me make many friends and on one fateful occasion I really believed it had saved me from ignominious imprisonment. We were making slides on the pavement, when a companion warned me, "The policeman told us yesterday that if we made any more slides he'd arrest us." "He didn't tell me," was the bold response, "besides, what is ice for but to slide on?" So the slides were sharpened to the keenest edge. Suddenly a uniform appeared and there was a general scatteration, but the culprits had prepared their own downfall and landed in a heap at the feet of the dread officer. "Aha! Now I've caught ye! Didn't I tell ye not to make slides on the pavement?" "You didn't tell me," was my cowardly defence. "What's your name, young lady?" and out

came the awful "book." "Jessie Alexander" was the reply, in firm tone but with inward tremors. "She's the best reciter in our room," timidly ventured Ada—as an extenuating circumstance, while Mary, who had begun to cry, paused, to suggest hopefully, "If you'll let us off this time perhaps she'll say a piece for you." The policeman's eyes twinkled. "There's a bargain, now! If ye'll do a piece, and do it well, I'll let yez all off." Never have I striven more earnestly to gauge the taste of an audience, than when I stood on that slippery ice and declaimed for the freedom of my friends and myself. When the Bobby laughed, we knew we were safe.

At about the age of eight, I returned from school one day, all aglow, "A prize, Mother, a prize! Miss Churchill has found a new poem and its Scotch!" As she read the title, my mother's eyes grew misty; "Cuddle Doon! Why child, your father recited that before you were born." I learned the poem then and there, and still recite it, for it is the essence of Scotch motherhood and like all heart-classics will never grow old. Not long ago, a Toronto lady told me that in looking through her late husband's desk, she came across a copy of "Cuddle Doon" in my father's handwriting, sent at the request of his friend.

I had seen only three real plays, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Pinafore" and "The Merchant of Venice," when one day, while my mother was out, some Exhibition visitors took us to a matinee melodrama—

"The Galley Slave." I returned home aflame with stage ambitions; "Get out your fiddle, Willie," I commanded, "and play some trembling notes, softly at first, then louder, and louder, till I tell you to finish with a crash!" and when the orchestra had been duly trained, I rehearsed the climax, "Know him? Know him? He is my Hus-z-z-band!" and swooned to the final screech of the fiddle. Mother, who had meantime returned, stood in the doorway listening in shocked dismay to this unseemly demonstration and there ended theatre-going for many a long day. We were, however, allowed to go to Mrs. Scott Siddons' Recitals, and for some time after, I never washed my hands without reciting under my breath, "Out, damned spot, out I say!" etc.

When I was about ten, Mr. Richard Lewis, an English elocutionist, who had settled in Toronto, formed a Dramatic Club which my eldest brother joined, and his participation in such plays as: "Merchant of Venice," "Lady of Lyons," "School for Scandal," as well as his command of an incredibly large repertoire of recitations, re-awakened stage dreams in me. The breathing and vocal exercises, which I slavishly copied, and clandestine rehearsals of many of the scenes, proved early and valuable preparation for later work.

In school we revelled in "Merchant of Venice," "Marmion," "Lochiel," Shelley's "Cloud," "Skylark," and other favourites, but to my raw and youthful mind nothing exceeded, for dramatic effect, the climax of Bell's poem, "Mary, Queen of Scots."

"Her neck is bared, the blow is struck, the soul has
passed away,
The bright the beautiful is now a bleeding piece of clay,
The dog is moaning piteously, and as it gurgles o'er,
Laps the *warm blood* that trickling runs unheeded to
the floor,
The blood of beauty, wealth and power, etc.,
Lapped by a *dog!*"

The last phrase was my despair, for I never reached a tone cavernous enough, to express the horror of the blood-lapping.

One Collegiate teacher, who fostered independent thought and originality of interpretation, was Mr. Sam Hughes—now General Sir Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia. Even in those days "Sam" loved to sperintend an argument and to set pupils sparring verbally to defend their individual opinions as to the meaning of phrases and the relation of words. In "Young Lochinvar" the line, "One touch to her hand and one word in her ear," evoked the question, "What verb would you supply in that line?" "Gave," was the general suggestion. "Gave one word in her ear!" was the ironic comment. "Gave and spoke," came the amendment. "Any other suggestion? Well, Jessie?" "Whispered or breathed" was my choice. "He breathed one word in her ear." The master laughed; "Jessie has been there." "Jessie had *not* 'been there,' but it is one of the privileges of dramatic instinct, to know some things without having 'been there.'"

Meantime scores of public appearances made reciting a usual and natural experience, and the unself-consciousness of childhood continued. Mother had been advised, when I was old enough, to send me away for dramatic training, but before that time came our dear mother was taken away from us and it was decided that meantime, University Matriculation and a Teachers' Certificate were more important considerations than merely following one's own tastes. Then ensued a year and a half of teaching the Young Idea.

In providing for the future of her family, my far-seeing mother had set aside certain sums for a possible wedding trousseau for each of the girls, so one fine day, I took my trousseau money and went "Off to Philadelphia" to study at "The National School of Elocution." After learning much theory and many principles, a few of which I was able to apply, I returned to impart all this wonderful knowledge—essential and non-essential—to equally eager disciples in the Toronto Conservatory of Music and Loretto Convent. But in that first year, I realized the difficulty of teaching an Art that was still largely instinctive and imperfect in myself; and was restlessly discontented with my own work which had ceased to satisfy my growing consciousness of artistic values. I had noted, in the performances of certain actors and actresses, an elegance of diction and a melody of speech, that were entirely lacking in my work, and recalling a New York reader and teacher whom I had heard in

Toronto recitals when I was sixteen, as one exponent of the Art who possessed the qualities I aspired to, I arranged to take a course of lessons from Mr. Charles Roberts, Professor of Elocution in Union Theological Seminary, New York. That proved to be a turning point in my life, as well as in my work, for years after, this "guide, philosopher and friend," became my husband.

Possessed of dramatic temperament and keen poetic feeling, Mr. Roberts was also a master of refined and melodic speech and gave me my first idea of expressing the musical beauty of blank verse. Many of his ideas were new to me and even now, are not generally taught; for instance, the idea, that even apart from the vocal changes demanded by the meaning and feeling of a passage, the reader should lend variety to his utterance by frequent changes of pitch and inflections for the effect of variety alone, just as an artist gives tone-value to a picture or a writer varies his phraseology in order to avoid monotony. Nor was this master satisfied, unless the pupil learned to use well, all the tools of his *metier*. I remember being interrupted five times in the utterance of one phrase, because I had taken a breath in the wrong place and had not sufficiently varied the pitch, till I hotly protested, "How can I breathe into this the breath of life, if you worry me so much about the vocal form of it?" Calmly and judicially, came the reply: "You have no right 'to breathe into it the breath of life,' till you have

moulded it into a perfect form. That is Art: your work has been almost wholly instinctive and not deliberate enough." So inch by inch, personal faults and defects were wrestled with, till I realized what real work meant.

Returning to Toronto I gave my first Recital in 1890, and continued work in the Toronto Conservatory of Music and Loretto. In the three years of teaching, I was fortunate in having an unusual number of talented pupils. Margaret Anglin, as a convent pupil, was already pulling out the tremolo stops and showing signs of that dramatic temperament that carried her to fame. Carrie Scales was, even then, anxious to suitably dress every part she essayed and was to lovely a youthful heroine, that my attention was constantly deflected from her diction to her warm Titian beauty. In after years, as Caroline Miskel Hoyt, she exercised the same fascination for her audiences, in the exploitation of her husband's plays. Mary Herald, afterwards Mary Herald Dunn, of the Hamilton Conservatory, is still fulfilling her promises of early days. Franklyn McLeay, later with Wilson Barrett, and at the time of his early death a popular member of Sir Herbert Tree's Company, was another pupil of that period who made good. Grenville P. Kleiser, founder of the New York Speaking Club and successful author of a number of books on Oratory and Development of Personality, was another star then learning to twinkle.

But recital work was increasing and teaching was abandoned in favour of a public career. Ontario towns, with no theatres and very few concert attractions, were eager for entertainment and it was a joy to cater to such keen appetites. Critics were kind and confidence grew by appreciation. Concert halls were, in those days, deplorable places, the atmosphere varying from the icy blasts of an unheated, draughty stage, to the inferno of a six-by-ten dressing-room with its big box wood-stove; the footlights were reeking coal-oil lamps and only the zeal of romantic youth enabled one to inhale kerosene fumes and breathe out—sentiment.

Those dear glowing Ontario audiences! How their enthusiasm inspired one! And the comradeship of other artists, many of them talented musicians whose artistry was illuminating and contagious, contributed in no small degree to one's growth in those early years. How cheerfully we endured the discomforts of primitive hotels and what jokes we made out of our hardest experiences! People who do not see the toil and struggles of professional folk, never realize the work, the discouragement and the hardships that offset the glamour of the footlights.

To the earnest worker, praise, especially if discriminating and deserved, is always pleasing, but I really believe that some of the "left-handed" compliments are sometimes more enjoyed than the stereotyped forms of commendation. The popular tenor was mischievously delighted when an admirer, unconscious of

any slur, heartily assured him that he was a "howling success." The brilliant coloratura soprano chuckled with delight when someone enthusiastically exclaimed, "Oh, Mrs. C——, you sing just like a canary." The slender contralto was consoled by the canny commendation of the Scotch committee man: "I like yer singin' fine an' ye'll be a guid-lookin' wumman when ye fill oot." I found it difficult to restrain my mirth when, after hearing "Saunders M'Glashan's Courtship," a countryman offered the compliment (?) "Say, you ain't no amatoor on the sparkin' business." "Jaysie Alexander-r-r, you're the stuff," was another Scotch appreciation that stuck in my memory; an introduction at the railway station called forth the response, "Oh, I'm so pleased to meet you *although* I *have* heard you read!" But the chance remark of a simple sincere soul in one audience sank into my consciousness; I had aspired to interpreting classic and serious compositions to satisfy my literary sense and display my own attainments, but the old Sctoch body's exclamation after a humorous selection, "Hech! that takes the cobwebs aff ma hairt," gave me a new cue and has influenced my ideas ever since; for there are always cobwebs to be brushed away and I realized even then, that nothing would dispel them like breezy, wholesome laughter.

In 1892, with the temerity of youth, I launched my first Western tour, though absolutely unknown outside the Eastern Provinces; but my brother, Will, went

ahead and where bookings could not be made, we took the risk ourselves. Here we lost and there we made, but always went on optimistic and undaunted, and as guarantees were arranged for most of the towns on the way back, the initial Western tour proved quite a successful enterprize. A discriminating Winnipeg critic won my respect by hitting on some of my characteristic defects and recognizing some of the merits in my performances, and though I have never seen him, I am deeply indebted to him for some good pointers then and many later words of praise. Travelling was not easy, as there was but one through train a day and it often did not fit in with concert hours, but through the courtesy of the Divisional Superintendent, Mr., afterwards, Sir William White, we secured permits to travel on "freights," and after the best part of a day in the "caboose" I felt too much like freight myself, to electrify the audience at the jumping-off place.

On one occasion, being booked with a local baritone and pianist in a Red River town, on a day when the train did not run there, we set out to drive, though warned that the Manitoba mud would prevent our reaching our destination. For the first few miles, the gluey clay piled up on the wheels till the carriage was incased on each side in a solid mud wall, which had to be knocked off with fence-rails every few yards to allow us to proceed. In despair, we left the roads and took to the prairie only to lose the way completely till about midnight, when a half-breed led the horses to a

nearby settlement, where the hospitable Presbyterian Minister and his wife rose and opened the door to the vagrants. As I sat warming my feet in the kitchen oven, the hostess entered and said, "I hear that you are Jessie Alexander." "Yes," I said wearily. "Oh! I've heard you back in Ontario," she quavered, in such a home-sick tone, that we joined in a refreshing little weepy duet about "Good old Ontario" and felt much the better for it. Next morning the "Troupe" proceeded to S——, where dodgers announced the postponed concert for that night; meantime, during the afternoon, we witnessed a stirring spectacular "Movie" in the breaking up of the Red River where the ice-jam created the most wonderful water effects spanned by rainbows. This incidental exhibition thrown in by Mother Nature, compensated for all the hardships of the journey.

In one town, when I was browsing on some books in a store where seats for the concert were on sale, a man from "way-back" came in enquiring, "Is this where ye git the tickets for the show?"—not dreaming that the "show" was at his elbow. "Yes," said the clerk producing the plan, "Where would you like to sit?" Glancing uneasily at the plan, this backwoods cynic responded, "Gimme a seat where they ain't no women."

In another town, it had been customary to ring the town bell four times a day and under no circumstances would the old bell-ringer omit the nine p.m. ringing,

so on the stroke of the hour, the brazen tones pealed out in the middle of a selection. I couldn't resist the temptation of shaking my fist in the direction of the noisy tower and declaiming sternly, "Curfew *should* not ring to-night!" I learned afterwards that the town council, fearing a repetition of this public ridicule, abolished the curfew on concert nights from that evening.

On the 24th of May, an enterprizing local committee had billed me as "The Queen of Elocutionists." The proprieter of the little frame hotel had been celebrating "The Day" not wisely, but too well, and was muddled either by the mixture of Queens—or the mixture of drinks—for when my brother went to the desk at midnight to settle accounts, Mine Host waved him off majestically, "Don' menshun it! Honoured to have the Queen in thishe houshe! Honoured to welcome Her Mazhesty!" Realizing that his more sober thoughts next day would reduce the Queen to her own humble status, my brother insisted on leaving the price and receiving a wobbly receipt.

In one older settlement, the town had grown in the opposite direction than that anticipated, and the school-house had been left a solitary building in the prairie. Another school, more centrally located, took its place and the old one was devoted on rare occasions to concert purposes. Thither we wended our way at twilight and observed a peaceful cow grazing near the hall. In the midst of Susan Coolidge's dramatic poem "Ginevra" I was disturbed to hear through the open

windows a gentle "Moo" that grew in intensity as the climax of the poem approached. After the heroine had broken from the tomb and wandered to her home, only to be mistaken for a spirit, her father vowed "Moo-oo-oo!" her Mother sobbed "Moo-oo-oo-oo!" and her brother swore "Moo-oo-oo-oo!" at least that's how it sounded to my excited imagination. Though the cow continued to make responses for all the characters, the audience seemed oblivious to these interruptions and absorbed in the story. At last, my brother, who had been hugely enjoying the humour of the situation, went out and drove the too responsive auditor away, but for some time after, each recital of the poem recalled the humorous, though distinctly annoying accompaniment.

In the smallest and most unexpected places in the West, we met with cultured, travelled people, who had enjoyed the advantages of cosmopolitan life, but who, with that adaptability and pluck that makes for the best citizenship, were sowing the seeds of Canada's great future.

On later visits, I had joy of seeing many of these mere hamlets grow into thriving towns, and cities like Winnipeg and Vancouver develop into metropolitan centres of distinction. On return from pastures new, the old field widened, till Eastern railway time-tables became, for me, not mere schedules, but condensed story books that served to recall varying episodes and experiences.

One outstanding feature that never varied, was—Canadian hospitality. When I recall the hundreds of homes that opened their doors to me—the same doors year after year, "I count myself in nothing else so rich, as in a soul remembering my good friends." I worshipped the latest baby, listened to the ambitions of college girls and boys, formed life-long friendships and was privileged to share the intimate family life of many households.

Universities, prisons, drawing-rooms, hospitals, soldier-camps, churches, steamships, mining and lumber-camps, opera houses, barns, porches, and "all outdoors" have, in turn, served as auditoriums, in Canada, England and the United States, and I have found people of all ranks and nationalities, wonderfully alike in their sensibilities, just plain—"human."

Entering a Montreal home early one morning, I saw a row of children hanging over the banisters. "Mother," whispered one, "where are the children? You said you loved Miss Alexander's children and we thought she'd bring them with her!" She was obliged to explain that she had meant the "Platform" children; but the "Elf-child," and "Kindergarten Tot," and other childish favourites, failed to compensate for the real playmates they had expected.

One evening, leaving for a concert, my hostess ran back and returned to the carriage with a large apple. "I almost forgot to provide the apple you eat in that selection they told me to ask you for." I laughed

and explained: "Total Annihilation" certainly does make away with an apple, core and all, but it is just an imaginary apple. On the same point, an old Scotch couple in an audience, were heard loudly arguing till the arbitrary husband settled it with: "It *wuz* a real apple I tell ye, for I har-r-r-d it cr-runch."

All my travels have been associated with my work, and the first trip to Europe meant not only a harvest of new impressions, but the enlarging of my professional field, for letters to prominent people in London resulted in a series of engagements, some of them in drawing-rooms. When arranging for one of these, I saw, in the drawing-room of the Countess of Lathom, some German artizans hanging a Dresden china chandelier which had been presented years before, to the Earl of Lathom, by Emperor Frederic of Germany, but which had not been hung before, because only German workmen understood the fitting of the intricate parts, which when completed, formed a beautiful whole.

In most of these engagements I was requested to give new world selections, which were novelties to English society, Whitcomb Riley's poems being then the favourites. Never shall I forget in one of these society audiences, composed mostly of people whose names were historic, a prominent and portly dowager-duchess who looked on In frozen stolidity, till, in the midst of "Little Orphant Annie" I grew reckless, and reaching the lines,

she mocked 'em and she shocked 'em an' she said "'Yah!' she didn't care!" I grew reckless, put my tongue between my teeth and flashed a defiant glance at the chilly dowager, when to my astonishment, the ice suddenly melted, and such a gush of silvery laughter filled the room, that formality fled before it and the day was saved. Later, when some newcomers arrived, the now genial dowager requested the repetition of the selection that had caught her fancy.

On that first visit to England I was advised to announce myself as an American—"Colonials, you know, have no prestige in England," but resenting the slur on my native land, I became more aggressively Canadian by reason of the warning. On successive visits, it was interesting to see the gradual change of attitude till the present day announcement, "We're from Canada," has become the signal for a rousing welcome.

This was very evident in Coronation Year, when at a Sphinx Club dinner in Hotel Cecil, London, I realized that the warmth of welcome was meant for Canada rather than for the entertainer. The celebrated poster-artist, John Hassall, closed the programme with some lightning cartoons and paid me the compliment of illustrating two of my selections, "Samuel Johnstone, coach-driver," was pictured with cheek bones like Scotch hills and "Leetle Dominique" was characteristically portrayed in toque and muffler. The Club decorations were red and white carnations and Mr. Hassall added one of his original touches to each pic-

ture by punching a hole in the top of glengarry and toque and inserting real carnations to represent the red tufts on the head gear. These large cartoons were then presented to me as a souvenir of the occasion.

Scotland proved a mine of literary wealth and we revelled in the associations of Scott, Burns, Stevenson, Barrie, MacLaren and Crockett. On a visit to Kirriemuir, whither I had been drawn by the magnet of Barrie's genius, we happened to see an unusual demonstration in the quiet streets of "Thrums." It was the day of a National Election, and coloured slips of paper containing the results, were being thrown from the windows of the local newspaper office. "Who's in?" I asked excitedly of a man who looked like the "Tammas Haggert" of Barrie's pages, "R-r-rigby! Acht hunner and fifty majority for R-r-rigby! But ye'll mebbe be a Tory?" "Na!" I assured him, "I'm nae Tory!" "Guid for you, ye're on the richt side. Look at MacPhairson! His man's oot, an' he's lookin' unco glum."

Mid-Lothian and neighbouring counties vivified the scenes of Scott's novels and the tragedies of Covenanting Days.

The pageants of The Queen's Diamond Jubilee in 1897, and King George's Coronation in 1911, revealed the growth of Imperialism in the interval, and intensified, to me, the spirit of certain patriotic poems—among them Kipling's pen portrait of Lord Roberts; for the English populace evinced more enthusiastic

affection for "Bobs" than for any other personage in those processions. During the Boer War at patriotic concerts, that poem was the favourite, and was demanded week after week, at the Saturday popular concerts in Massey Hall; and when a portrait of "Bobs" was thrown on the screen at the close of the reading, the audience rose and cheered for "Bobs." That poem and many others became so closely interwoven with my life's experiences, that they seemed to become part of me, and when two years later our son was born in the old home in Toronto the message wired to his father in New York read, "There's a little red-faced man which is 'Bobs.'" Later on, "Leetle Bateese" and "Dominique" served to explain and excuse some of the mischievous exploits of that same laddie.

Shortly after Bargain Day was first given to the public, that wonderfully far-sighted and humane merchant, Mr. Timothy Eaton, gave a dinner to five thousand employees on the third floor of the mammoth store and on that occasion, as always, revealed his intimacy and sympathy with the whole establishment, addressing the assembly as "My dear Associates." He requested me to recite "Bargain Day" there in its own setting, and no more hearty laughter ever greeted it, than that which echoed from its own background.

Absence from Canada and the platform during the earlier years of married life, gave me a perspective of the wide field I had covered and deepened the feeling of wonder at the friendliness that had followed me

through so many years; but it was not till after my husband's death and my subsequent return to public work that I realized to the full, the loyalty of Canadian audiences.

For all this, my dear friends, I cannot adequately thank you, and if these Platform Sketches serve to win a welcome for other reciters, or to recall any happy hours of relaxation, I shall be content.

I have not included in this collection, th· classic poems or scenes from plays that have had a place on my programmes, for they are easily obtainable from their original sources; nor have I selected these Platform Sketches for any special literary merit; but largely because of their human quality and their adaptability to the reciter's purpose; and if some of them look homely in cold print, perchance some lenient readers who have viewed them through a more sprightly vocal medium, will supply the art lacking in the words, and will give them welcome for the sake of "Auld Lang Syne" and

JESSIE ALEXANDER.

JESSIE ALEXANDER'S PLATFORM SKETCHES

FRIDAY, BARGAIN DAY

I HAD hurried down town early one Friday morning, when at a certain corner, I encountered such crowds of people getting off the car and crossing the street, that I wondered where in the world were all the women going—women with such eager, anxious, strained expression of countenance. Was there a woman's convention or a suffrage meeting afoot? But the remarks which I overheard in the crowd soon enlightened me; I had innocently strayed down town on the early morning of a bargain day.

"Oh, yes, they're reduced. I priced them myself three weeks ago, and they were one dollar, they're marked down to niney-eight cents to-day and I am going to get three pairs."

"We'll never get near those lemons," whined one wretched woman, "they were advertised in the paper last night at 18c. a dozen—four hundred lemons, they'll all be snatched up before we can get near them! I told you you should 'a' waited for your breakfast till we got back home again." And she whined and fumed and fretted as if her life depended on getting "near those lemons." If you had seen that woman's face you would have thought she had little need of lemons.

At the Yonge Street entrance, a man and woman of unmistakable nationality were loudly arguing; the

woman bore the stamp of the Bargain Hunter, the man of the Bargain Haunted.

"I tell ye I will not wait down town ahl day whoile you go huntin' barg'ins; I kem down here to-day to buy shurtin', an' it's shurtin' Oi'm goin' to look at, an' nawthin' else."

"Aw, but see here! Oi jist want to take a look at the ile-cloth advertoised in the paper last noight at siventeen cints a square yard."

"Ile-cloth!" he shouted, "Ile-cloth! Didn't ye ile-cloth the whole house at a bargain last Shpring? Are ye goin' to put down two layers of it? Maybe ye'd loike to ile-cloth the back-yarrd an' the front bullyvarrde, an' put a shtrip down the wa'k to the carriage-shtep."

"English ile-cloth," she said reproachfully, "Siventeen cints a square yarrd."

"English, Oirish or Scotch, Oi don't care," he said doggedly, "Oi kem down here to-day to buy shurtin', an' it's shurtin' Oi'm goin' to look at, an' nothin' else."

"Well, ye can luk at the shurtin' thin while Oi'm on the fourth flure;"—the oil-cloth being, of course, on the fourth floor, and the last glimpse I caught of her making her way through the crowd, she was still murmuring in a dazed, hypnotized way—"Siventeen cints a square yaard."

To avoid the crowd in front of the store, I made my way to James Street and found I had strayed into what would have constituted an admirable baby show: there, ranged in line along the western wall, stood a

regiment of baby carriages, containing babies of all sizes, complexions and conditions; fair babies, dark babies, toothless babies, babies in every stage of teething, bald babies, ringletted babies, lovely, chubby, well-dressed babies, and puny, plain, neglected ones. There appeared to be a very friendly disposition among them, and the way in which they gooed and gurgled at each other would have put to shame the conversational efforts of many of their elders in society. "A ba-ba-ba,"—one extremely friendly infant was making advances to a dignified specimen on his right, "A ba-ba-ba iddely, iddely, iddelya-ga-ga-ga-goooo?"

The dignified infant received this in solemn silence, as much as to say, "Why, really, sir, you have the advantage of me, I don't remember you." The friendly baby grew discouraged and tried the other side. "A ba-ba-ba-ba-iddley, iddley, iddley, iddley-ago-go-go-gooo?" and this time received the prompt response, "Ma-ma, ga-ga, ba-ga," which, interpreted in the light of the present surroundings, certainly meant "Mama's gone for bargains." She had learned her Friday morning lesson well, for she continued to repeat, in answer to all her neighbor's remarks, "Ma-ma, ga-ga, ba-ga."

One very tiny specimen under the shade of a blue parasol was emitting a series of smothered and rather flannelly howls—you know that sort of three-week old howl [a very young squall suggestive of pain,

paregoric and flannel, introduced here, adds to the effect] while all the older babies looked on with an experienced air and nodded sympathetically, as much as to say, "Oh, yes, old chap, we know, 'a pin,' yes, we've been there!"

Just at that point, a nervous, jerky, excitable looking woman, pranced out of the door-way, cast her eye hastily along the line of baby carriages, pounced upon a familiar one with a blue parasol and dashed towards Queen Street with all the speed of a motor; as she passed me, I was surprised to recognize in the carriage, the dignified infant who had refused to take part in the general conversation, and noting the contrast between mother and child, all my ideas on heredity instantly vanished. She had scarcely disappeared when the lady-like "Excuse me, please," called my attention to a trim little figure walking up the line, surveying the occupants of the carriages and looking very much astonished when she came to a space where she had evidently expected to find her own child.

Instantly the truth burst upon me! His Serene Highness had been kidnapped! I was about to suggest my suspicions to the mother, when the excitable woman reappeared, crowding the wheels of her carriage into everybody as she passed. "I took the wrong one!" she shouted breathlessly to the other mother, who hastened to claim her own child. "The parasol on your carriage is exactly like mine, I know the day you bought it—on sale $8.98!" And without further apology, she

made a dive towards the "pin-punctured" infant whose cries were still resounding, while the man in blue uniform exclaimed with a twinkle in his eye, "No goods exchanged on bargain day!"

Entering the store, I became so wedged into the crowd that I found it impossible to detach myself from it, and although the counter to which I wished to go was near that entrance, I was swept on that wave of humanity clear to the middle of the store, where a lot of women seemed to be actually fighting over a table of bargain handkerchiefs, many of which they were frantically waving in the air.

I was making a brave attempt to face the other way, when suddenly a reminiscent voice from the neighboring counter smote upon my ear, and turning, I witnessed the meeting of the "ile-cloth" maniac and her husband.

"O ye've got back again at lahst, have ye?"

"Whisht! come here, I want to tell ye something! I've bought the ile-cloth!"

"O I knew it by the luk in your eye! Now what are you goin' to do with it? Make it up into ile-cloth suits for me and the childher to wear on rainy days?"

"Aw whisht now, none o' your nonsense! Let me be after givin' ye a p'inter: niver moind the shurtin' today, it's too dear, wait till it's rejuced."

"Rejuced! Ain't I rejuced mesilf waiting for things to be rejuced? Didn't I go roastin' round in a winter suit all last summer because you bought it rejuced in

the spring? Don't I go freezin' round in a summer suit all winter, because you picked it up a bargain in the fall? Rejuced! What am Oi rejuced to but an old clothes-pole to hang your bargains on." "What do you think," he said, airing his woes to the clerk, "What do you think Oi'm wearin' these spectacles for? Because she bought half a dozen pairs rejuced and the whole fam'ly has had to turn short-sighted, in order to wear out her barg'ins."

"Whisht, whisht!" said the woman getting rather frightened at this outburst on the part of her hitherto submissive spouse, "we'll buy the shurtin' thin," she said in a conciliatory tone, "Wan yarrd plaze."

"Wan yarrd! What do ye take me fur? It's two shurts I want! D'ye take me for a ballet-dancer?"

"But it's double width," she protested.

"Well, Oi'm double width too. An' if you think Oi'm goin' round with a dicky, a collar and two cuffs, ye're very much mistaken. Put us up the whole piece, Mister, Oi'm sick of this business, Oi'm bound to put an ind to it this day, Oi'm tired of doin' without things I *want,* so as to get things I *don't* want, at a *bargain!*"

—Jessie Alexander.

COACHING IN SCOTLAND

MY first query in the early morning was, "What kind of a day are we going to have?"—a very important question in Scotland, and I asked it rather anxiously, for on several former occasions, we had been "drookit" wi' Scotch mist; but just at that moment, the door opened, and the day answered for itself: it was perfect, not a cloud in the sky, the mists that usually hang over the city of Edinburgh had dispersed before the brightness of the morning sun and we sallied forth in high good humour, for we had set aside this particular day for a coaching trip to the famous Rosslyn Castle and Chapel, and had secured the box seats with the noted coach driver, Samuel Johnstone. I think Edinburgh never looked more lovely than she did that morning; the magnificent Castle towering on it's rugged steep had never seemed so grand and imposing, the Princes Street Gardens were at their freshest, the palatial shops on the opposite side glowed with tartans, flashed with Cairngorms and flaunted their nationality in the faces of the passers-by; and as we looked towards Calton Hill in the distance and saw the blue sky framed between the open pillars of the classic National Monument, all the Scotch sentiment within us was stirred to it's depths. So lost were we in the charm of the scene, that

we had not noticed we were already approaching our objective point, Scott's Monument, till we were recalled to our senses, with, "This way for Johnstone's Coach to Craigmillar Castle, Dalkeith Palace, Hawthornden and Rosslyn," and there, sure enough, under the very shadow of Scott's Monument stood Johnstone's Coach and on the box sat Johnstone himself, dressed in a red coat with brass buttons, and wearing a high white hat on which was inscribed in gilt letters: "Craigmillar Castle, Dalkeith Palace, Hawthornden and Rosslyn." We knew what this inscription meant, for we had taken the trip before, but from a back seat of the coach on that occasion, I had lost a great many of Mr. Johnstone's Scotch stories, so had announced my intention of going again, "and we want you to reserve the box seats for us for Friday," I impressed upon our Jehu, "Now you won't forget Mr. Johnstone."

"Noo, isna' that the strangest thing, lady, 'jist afore we started oot on this trip, I looked over my beautiful bouquet of ladies on the coach and I said to maysel', 'If I could only choose the lady that was to occupy the box seat wi' me, yon's the lady I would choose.' Noo, isna' that the maist peculiar thing?"

This was only a preliminary sample of Mr. Johnstone's Scotch blarney. On a second trip, being within sound of his voice on the box seat of the coach, we discovered that he was very much addicted to that sort of thing, and could adapt his compliments to any individual or any nationality.

The first object of interest to which we came was Bothwell House, announced by Johnstone as follows: "Ladies and Gentlemen, this is the hoose of Bothwell, the Earl of Bothwell, the lover of Mary Queen of Scots durin' Darnley's lifetime,—ahem!—and her husband aifterwards. It was terrible wrang, o' Bothwell, ladies and gentlemen, to be the means o' blowin' Darnley up—he blew him up wi' gun-pooder ye ken —there's mony a husband nooadays, gets a blowin' up, but no' of such a dangerous kind as Bothwell gave to Darnley. I'm no' tryin' to defend Darnley, ladies and gentlemen; indeed, if he was here to-day, naething would gi'e me greater pleasure than to gi'e him a bit swish wi' this whip, for he must ha' been a verra mean man; it's a verra mean man that will be unkind to a lady, parteeclarly tae Mary Queen o' Scots, said to be the maist beautiful wumman Scotland iver saw; but I ha'e ma doots on that p'int, ladies and gentlemen—ahem!" he added slyly, casting admiring glances at the fair occupants of the coach,—"I ha'e seen the best portraits o' Mary, both in water and in ile, and it's my opeenion that if Mary lived to-day, she would have to play sixth or seventh fiddle at only ordinary getherin'; indeed if it wasna too pairsonal, I could begin at the front seat o' the coach the day and pick oot a dizzen ladies, that for features, form and expression could faur oot-strip Mary—ahem!"

"Noo, ladies and gentlemen, we're approaching Craigmillar Castle, the country seat of Queen Mary

during her reign in Scotland. I'll gi'e ye twinty meenits tae see the auld place an' ye'll find an auld buddy there, waiting tae show you aboot." We found the old portress of the Castle, waiting for us at the gate of the fortress; she seemed to have been placed there as a direct contrast to the gloominess of her surroundings, for I never saw so expansive a smile on any woman's face. She lighted her candle and conducted us first to the dungeon, where she told the following tragic tale in the most cheerful manner: "Ladies and gentlemen (smile), this is the dungeon where the Earl of Mar was confined for three years (broad smile), at the end of that time he was taken oot in a high fever (smile enlarges to a grin) and was taken to a hoose in the Cannongate where he was attended by the King's ain Physeecian; the King's Physeecian opened a vein in his leg an' he bled to death." (The last words were almost lost in a fiendish chuckle.) After showing us over the rest of the Castle and telling us similar gruesome tales, in the same lively manner, she bade us good-by at the gate, holding her hand in a convenient position for a "remunerations" (as the classic Johnstone put it) which it pleased her guests to give her.

We joined Mr. Johnstone at the foot of the lane: "Did ye get a fine view from the top turret of the Castle?" he asked. "Magnificent!" was the reply. We could see the humour of another story twinkling in his eye. "I once tauld a New York gentleman,

that occupied the box seat wi' me, that if he climbed to the top turret o' the Castle, he could see as faur as New York. When he cam' doon he said, Johnstone, ye're a humbug, I couldn't see hauf the distance to New York."

"Excuse me, sir," I said, "but in what direction did you look?"

"I looked in every direction."

"Excuse me, sir," said I, "but did ye look up? for if ye lookit up, ye saw the sun, and that's faur faurer than New York."

The gentleman said that after that, he preferred to take a back seat.

Here some one broke in with, "What about those widows, Mr. Johnstone?"

"What widdies is that, sir?"

"Why, the widows that proposed to you."

"Hoots! Some ane's been haverin'."

"O no' that's one of your genuine and original stories and you must give it to us." So with a flourish of the whip, Johnstone graciously consented.

"We'el if ye'r a' ready to start, noo, I'll tell ye aboot ane o' the widows. She had been married twice but she didna' tell me that, somebody else gied me that information; but when she asked me to tea, ae day, I taxed her wi't. 'Is it true, Mistress Tamson, that ye've had twa men?'

" 'Ou aye, Mr. Johnstone, I've had twa men, but I could dae weel wi' a third,' says she,

giving a soft glance at me. I didna tak' the widdie's hint, so she continued, 'Have ye ever seen the fine tombstone that I have put up ta ma twa men, Mr. Johnstone?'

"'I have not mem.'

"'Weel, if ye'll gang tae the kirk wi' me on the Sawbath, I'll show ye.' I didna' gang tae the kirk, wi' the widow on the Sawbath, but I jist gaed up in the weektime, ta hae a private view o' the stane, and this is what I read on it: 'Sacred to the memory of John Black, died'—such and such a date—'Sacred to the memory of Robert Thomson, died'—such and such a date, and underneath, the text, 'Be ye also ready.'"

"I have not seen the widow since, ladies and gentlemen."

After passing through a toll-gate, Mr. Johnstone asked us if we "had noticed the toll-gate keeper's nose?" He is noted for having a very long nose, and in shutting the toll-gate, one night, he didn't allow for the length of his nose and barked it wi' the gate. Having no sticking-plaister at hand, he took the first thing that came handy to patch up his nose wi', an' it happened to be the bottom label of one of Coates' spools. He put that on his nose an' forgot a' aboot it. A gentleman cam' through the toll, on horse-back, "Saxpence toll, sir," says the toll-gate keeper. "You're an imposter," says the man. "I'm not an imposter, sir, every gentleman that comes

through the toll on horse-back, pays saxpence." "I said nothing about the sixpence—toll, but I still say you're an imposter. I have seen many a man with a lie in his mouth, but never a man with such a lie on his nose! You have a very long nose, sir, but you have no right to wear a label on it warranting it '300 yards in length.' "

"Noo, ladies and gentlemen, we are comin' to the famous Hawthornden that leads to Rosslyn, ye can either tak' the walk of twa mile through the Glen—an' its a bonny sicht—or ye can drive wi' me roon the road." Most of the passengers preferred to remain with our entertaining coachman, who in less than half an hour announced:

"Noo, ladies and gentlemen, we're approaching the famous Rosslyn, I'll no' need to tell ye anything aboot it for I'll gi'e ye twa' 'oors here to poke aboot the auld place and to hear a' the history o't an' ye'll find me waiting for ye, at four o'clock, in front o' the oree-ginal Rosslyn Inn."

The two hours flew all too quickly, while we viewed the ruin of the Castle and the beauties of that perfect gem of architecture, Rosslyn chapel, while we listened to the oft repeated tale of the "Master's and the 'Pentice Pillars," of the allegories carved on the walls, of the exquisite work, "done all for love, in the days when men served another God than Mammon"—so sermonized the guide who pointed a moral at the end of each tale, and who took on the dignity of the "claith," as he drew his "sermons from stones."

At the appointed hour and place, we found Mr. Johnstone and his coach waiting for us. Before starting, he pointed out the "oreeginal Rosslyn Inn, where Rabbie Burns ance had his dinner; sae weel pleased was Rabbie wi' the fare the guid landlady set afore him on that occasion, that he wrote an impromptu poem on the leaf o' his note book and left it lying on his plate. Ye can see the oreeginal copy o' the poem in the inn."

Here Johnstone proceeded to quote the li..es:

"My blessing on ye, sonsy wife
We've ne'er been here before,
Ye've gien us wealth for horn and knife,
What could we wish for more?

Heaven keep ye free from care and strife,
Till far ayont four score,
And while I toddle on through life,
I'll ne'er gang by your door."

After all had mounted the coach for the homeward journey, Mr. Johnstone pointed out the Stars and Stripes waving above the village inn. "That's in honour of the veesitin' Americans"—they were mostly Americans who were on the coach, and as I intimated before, Mr. Johnstone could adapt himself to any nationality—"That's in honour of the veesitin' Americans," he repeated impressively. "Has it ever occurred to you to compare the durability of the National emblems? There's a verse aboot that, I'll just

gi'e it to ye." Mr. Johnstone was always "gi'eing us a verse aboot" something.

"The Lily may fade, it's leaves decay,
The Rose from it's stem may sever,
The Thistle and Shamrock may wither away
But the Stars will shine on forever."

When the applause from the Americans had subsided, one Canadian girl tried to tax Johnstone's ingenuity by asking, "And what about the Maple Leaf, the national emblem of Canada?" "The national emblem of Canada," he exclaimed enthusiastically, "And are you a Canadian?" "I am," she answered proudly, "Weel, noo, isna that the strangest thing? I kenned there was something distinguished aboot you. Upon ma conscience! When ye cam' on this coach, I said tae masel', 'She's no' Scotch, she's ower quick for that, she's no' an American, she's ower deep for that.' And ye're Canadian! Weel, weel, noo, and what fine specimens Canada does produce!" "Oh, that's all very well," laughed the Canadian, at the readiness of this practised Scotch blarney, "But you can't get out of it that way, that does not dispose of the Maple Leaf, Mr. Johnstone." "Awell," said he, glancing cautiously round at the American contingent, "I canna verra weel mak' the Maple Leaf ootlive the Stars, can I lady?" "I think you might weave it in some way, you seem to take notice of all the other national emblems." Mr. Johnstone felt that his Scotch wit and gallantry

were at stake. He took a long time to think it over, —we could almost see the wheels go round. Then after much wrestling, he asked, "Is't no' from that maple tree that you get your beautiful maple syrup?"

"Yes," she answered, wondering what in the world the man could make out of that.

"Aye, weel, just wait a wee'! It's comin'."

At last, it came!

"Here ye are noo'!"—with a satisfied chuckle—"As the Maple Leaf lives in the sweetness o' its syrup, so the fame o' Canada will live in the sweetness o' its 'lasses."

All nationalities being now pacified, Mr. Johnstone was at last ready to start—so with a final flourish of his whip, he delivered the following original lines:

"Ma frien's ye know 'tis time to go,
The farewell hour approaches,
But when ye next to Rosslyn go,
Take one of Johnstone's coaches."

—Jessie Alexander.

THE LAND OF BEGINNING AGAIN

I WISH that there were some wonderful place
Called the Land of Beginning Again,
Where all our mistakes and all our heartaches
And all of our poor, selfish grief
Could be dropped, like a shabby old coat, at the door,
And never put on again.

I wish we could come on it all unaware,
Like the hunter who finds a lost trail;
And I wish that the one whom our blindness had done
The greatest injustice of all
Could be there at the gates, like an old friend that waits
For the comrade he's gladdest to hail.

We would find all the things we intended to do
But forgot, and remembered—too late,
Little praises unspoken, little promises broken,
And all of the thousand and one
Little duties neglected that might have perfected
The day for one less fortunate.

It wouldn't be possible not to be kind
In the Land of Beginning Again;
And the ones we misjudged and the ones whom we grudged
Their moments of victory here
Would find in the grasp of our loving handclasp
More than penitent lips could explain.

THE LAND OF BEGINNING AGAIN

For what had been hardest we'd know had been best,
And what had seemed loss would be gain;
For there isn't a sting that will not take wing
When we've faced it and laughed it away;
And I think that the laughter is most what we're after
In the Land of Beginning Again!

. . . . . .

And I know that there is this wonderful place
Called the Land of Beginning Again,
Where all our mistakes and all our heartaches
And all of our poor, selfish grief
Can be dropped, like a shabby old coat, at the door,
And never put on again.

—By Louise Fletcher Connelly.

THE WEE TAY TABLE

SOMEWHERE near the hill hedge, Annie Daly and Judy Brady were raking the hay into long narrow rows, sweetening their toil with laughter and gossip. Their talk was of a woman, of her follies and absurdities. "Aw! The lazy trollop!" said Anne. "Did Judy moind the toime they saw her at Bunn Fair all dressed up like a dhraper's window? Aw! Ha, Ha, Ha! And did Judy mind the Tay Party and the wee table-cloth. Aw, Heavenly Hour! Ho, Ho, Ho! Did Judy mind that?"

"Aw, faith now, an' could Judy ever forget it! Ah, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha!"

"What about the Tay Party and the wee table-cloth," said I coming suddenly upon them.

"Aw! Did ye hear us bletherin'. Did ye hear that, now?"

"What woman was it whose character you were pulling to pieces?"

"Och, sure, the lassie we were talking about is a marrit woman, wan Hannah Breen, an' she lives in a big house on the side o' the hill. The husband's a farmer, an easy-goin', bull-voiced, good-hearted lump of a man, wi' a good word for ould Satan himself, an' a laugh always ready for iverythin'. But the wife, Hannah, isn't that kind. Aw, no. 'Tisn't

much good speakin' or laughin' Hannah'll be doin'; Aw, no. 'Tisn't milkin' the cows, an' makin' the butter, an' washin' John's shirts, an' darnin' his socks, Hannah was made for. Aw, no. It's a lady, Hannah must be; a rale live lady. It's step out o' bed at eight o'clock in the mornin' Hannah must do, an' slither down to her tay, an' have it all in grandeur in the parlor; it's sittin' half the day she must be, readin' about the doin's o' the quality, an' squintin' at fashion pictures, an' fillin' her mind wi' the height o' nonsense an' foolery; it's rise from the table in a tantrum she must do, because John smacks his lips an' ates his cabbage wi' his knife; it's worry the poor man out o' his wits she'd be after, because he won't shave more than once a week and says he would rather be hanged at once than choked in a high collar and a biled shirt on Sunday. Aw, Heavenly Hour! Ha, Ha, Ha!"

"Oh, but you ought to see her stepping down Bunn Street as if the town belonged to her—a ribbon flutterin' here, an' a buckle shinin' there, an' a feather danglin' another place, with her butter basket on her arm an' big John at her heels, an' that look on her face ye'd expect to see on the Queen of France walkin' on a goold carpet, in goold slippers, to a goold throne. Aw, Heavenly Hour, Ha, Ha!"

"Well, tell me about the wee tablecloth before your tongue gets tired."

"Ah, sure, an' I will, faith, an' I'll try my fist at it."

"Ye'll be mindin' that what I'm goin' to tell ye is

hearsay, an' was told to meself, one day last year, be Jane Flaherty as we were comin' along the road from Bunn market. Mebbe I'll be tellin' ye lies; mebbe I'll not—if I do may the Lord forgive me and Jane; an' if I don't, ye may thank Jane, for it's her own words I'm goin' to tell ye."

"One day, then, some time last summer, Hannah—beggin' her ladyship's pardon, I mean Mrs. Breen—decks herself out, cocks her wee bonnet on her skull, pulls on her long kid gloves, an' her high-heel shoes an' steps out through the hall dure. Down the road she goes until she comes to the house of Mrs. Flaherty and knocks po-lite on the dure."

" 'Aw, is Mrs. Flaherty at home this fine day?' 'She is so,' says wee tattered Nancy; 'but she do be out at the well.' "

" 'I see, but when she comes back would ye be kindly handin' her that, wi' Mrs. Breen's compliments?'—an' out of her pocket Hannah pulls a letter, gives it to Nancy, says good evenin' to the wee mortial, gathers up her skirt, an' steps off in her grandeur through the hens, the pigs and ducks back to the road. Well, on she goes another piece, an' comes to the house of Mary Dolan; an' there, too, faith, she does the genteel an' laves another letter, an' turns her feet for the house of Mrs. Hogan; an' at Sally's she smiles an' bobs her head, an' pulls another letter from her pocket, an' laves it at the dure; then she goes home to her parlor to read blether from the fashion papers."

"Very well, childer. Home Jane comes from the well, an' there's Nancy wi' the letter in her fist. 'What the wourld's this?' says Jane, and tears it open; an' there, lo an' behold ye, is a bit of a card an' on it an invite to come an' have tay with me bould Hannah, on the next Wednesday avenin', at five o'clock, p.m. —whativer in glory p.m. may be after meanin'—an' when Mary Dolan opens hers, there's the same invite; an' when Sally Hogan opens hers out drops the same bit of a card; an' they puts their heads together, an' settles it that, sorry take them, but they'll go. Aw, Heavenly Hour! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"An' go they did, yes childer dear, go they did."

"Well, Wednesday evenin' comes at last an' sharp at five o'clock, up the three of them walks to Hannah's dure, not to the back dure, aw, no. That wouldn't do for Hannah with her style, but slap up to the hall dure Sally takes them, an' sure enough the first dab on the knocker brings a fut on the flags inside, an' there's Kitty, the servant-girl, in her boots an' her stockin's and her Sunday dress, an' a white apron on her, standin' before them."

" 'Aw, an' is that you, Kitty Malone?' says Sally. 'An' how's ye'rself, Kitty, me dear! An' wid Mrs. Breen be inside?' " says she.

" 'She is so, Mrs. Hogan,' answers Kitty, an' bobs a kind of a courtesy. 'Wid ye all be steppin' in' please?' "

"Aw, Heavenly Hour!" gasps Sally, "Such grandeur!"

"An' away the three of them goes at Kitty's heels up to the parlor an' sits them down, bonnets an' shawls an' all, an' watches Kitty close the door. Then without openin' a lip, they casts their eye about the room. 'Twas the funniest kind of a place, Jane allowed, that iver she dropped eyes on. There was a sheepskin, lyin' woolly side up, in front o' the fireplace, an' a calfskin near the windy—"

"Ay, a calfskin, aw, te-he!"

"An' a dog's skin over by the table, an' the flure was painted brown about three fut all round the walls. There was pieces o' windy curtain over the backs o' the chairs; there was a big fern growin' in an ould drain-pipe in the corner; there was an ould straw hat o' John's stuffed full o' flowers, hanging on the wall, an' standin' against the wall, facin' the windy, was a wee tay table wi' a cloth on it about the size of an apron, an' it wi' fringe on it, no less, an' it spread skew-wise on it, an' lookin' for all the world like a white ace o' diamonds; an' on the cloth was a tray wi' cups an' saucers, an' sugar, an' milk, an' as much bread an' butter, cut as thin as glass, as ye'd give a sick child for its supper. Aw, heavenly hour," cried Anne, "heavenly hour!"

"Aw, childer, dear," "Ha, Ha, Ha!"

"Well, childer dear, the three looks at it all, an' looks at each other, an' says Mary Dolan at last:

" 'We're in clover, me dears, judgin' be the spread beyant', Ha, Ha, Ha!' an' she nodds at the wee tay table."

" 'Aw, that'll do for a start, Ha, Ha, Ha!' says Sally Hogan; 'but how in glory are we all going to get our legs under that wee tay table? Sure it'll be an ojus squeeze.' "

" 'It will so,' says Jane Flaherty, 'it will so. But isn't it powerful quare of Hannah to keep us sittin' so long in our bonnets an' shawls, an' us dreepin' wi' the heat?' "

" 'It's the quarest hole I iver was put in,' says Mary Dolan: 'an' if this is grandeur, give me the ould kitchen at home wi' me feet on the hearth an' me tay on a chair. Phew,' says Mary, and squints round at the windy. 'Phew, but it's flamin' hot. Aw,' says she, an' makes a dart from her chair; 'Hang me, but I'll burst if I don't get a mouthful o' fresh air.' An' jist as she had her hand on the sash to lift it, the dure opens, an' in steps me darlint Hannah."

" 'Good even', ladies all,' says Hannah, marchin' in wi' some kind of calico affair, made like a shroud, an' frills on it, hangin' on her. 'Good Evenin', ladies,' says she, wi' her elbow cocked up in the air like a pump-handle. It's very pleased I am to see you all,' says she."

" 'Aw, an' the same here,' says Mary Dolan, in her free way; 'the same here, an' ojus nice ye look in that sack of a calico dress, so ye do,' says Mary, wi' a wink at Jane Flaherty. 'But it's meself'd feel obliged to ye if so be ye'd open the windy an' give us a mouthful o' fresh air,' says Mary."

"An' Hannah sits down in her shroud wi' the frills on it, an' says, 'I'm rather delicate, Mrs. Dolan, an' afeerd o' catchin' cowld; an', forby that,' says she, 'the dust is so injurious for the parlor.' "

" 'Aw, just so,' answers Mary; 'just so. Sure I wouldn't for worlds have ye spoil your parlor for the likes of us. But I'll ax your leave, Mrs. Breen, seein' ye don't ax me yourself, to give me own health a chance,' says she, 'be throwin' this big shawl off me shoulders.' "

" 'But it's afternoon tay, Mrs. Dolan,' answers Hannah, in her cool way; 'an' it's not fashionable at afternoon tay for ladies to remove—' "

" 'Then afternoon tay be hanged,' says Mary, an' throws her shawl off her across the back of her chair; 'an' it's mesilf'll not swelter for all the fashions in the world,' says she, an' pushes her bonnet back and lets it hang be the strings down her back. 'Aw, that's great,' says she, wi' a big sigh; an' at that off goes Jane's shawl an' bonnet; an' off goes Sally's; an' there the three of them sits wi' Hannah lookin' at them as disgusted as an ass at a field of thistles over a gate. 'Aw, glory be,' cried Anne; 'Aw, Heavenly Hour!' 'Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!' "

"Well, dears, Hannah sits her down, puts her elbow on a corner o' the ace of diamonds, rests her check on her hand, an' goes on talkin' about this an' that. Aw, like the Queen of Connaught, Hannah talked, an' aired her beautiful English, but sorrow a move did

she make to shift her elbow off the wee tablecloth, an' not a sign or smell o' tay was there to be seen. Aw, not a one. Ten minutes went, an' twenty, an' half an hour; an' at that, up Mary Dolan stretches her arms, gives a powerful big yawn, an' says she: 'Och, dear heart,' says she, 'but the throat's dry in me.' An' with the hint up gets Hannah, crosses the calfskin, opens the dure, an' calls 'Kitty! serve tay.' "

"In about ten minutes in comes me darlint Kitty, boots an' stockin's an' all, an' plants the tay-pot slap down in the middle of the ace of diamonds. Then Hannah pours the tay into the wee cups, an' says, 'Sugar and crame for you, Mrs. Dolan? Crame and sugar for you, Mrs. Hogan? Same for you, Mrs. Flaherty?' " (Just like that she said it as if her mouth was full of puddin'.) Aw, Heavenly Hour!

"An' Hannah puts the cups on a tray an' says 'Kitty, hand the cups to the ladies.' "

"Well, Kitty hands one to Mary Dolan on this side, an' one to Jane Flaherty on the other, an' Mary looks at Kitty an' then at the cup, an' Jane looks at the cup an' then at Kitty an' says, 'Is it take it from you, you'd have me do, Kitty Malone?' 'Tis so,' says Kitty with a grin, 'An' where in glory wid ye have me put it, Kitty Malone?' asks Mary Dolan, 'Sure there's no table next or near me.' "

" 'It's afternoon tay, Mrs. Dolan,' says Hannah, 'an' at afternoon tay, tables aren't fashionable.' "

" 'Well, thank God, Hannah Breen, that afternoon

tay, as ye call it, has only come my way once in me life. Take the cup in your fist, Sally Hogan,' says Mary, 'an' if ye break it bad luck go with it, an' if ye don't, ye've been a lady for once in your life; an' when you're done, stick it there on the flure. I'm obliged to ye, Kitty Malone, an' if so be I choke meself wi' the full o' that thimble-wi'-a-handle-on-'t,' says Mary, an' squints at the cup, 'ye'll do me the favor to tell Pat I died a fool. An' if such things go well wi' afternoon tay, Kitty agra, I'd trouble ye for a look at a spoon.' 'Aw, me bould Mary!' " cried Anne, and laughed in glee. "Ye were the match for Hannah, so ye were. Aw, Heavenly Hour!"

"Then begins the fun, me dears. First of all, Sally Hogan, in trying to lift a bit o' bread an' butter from a plate that Kitty held before her, must spill her tay over her lap an' start screechin' that she was kilt. Then, Mary Dolan must finish her cup at a gulp, an' forgettin' it was in Hannah's parlor she was at afternoon tay, an' not at home in the kitchen, must give the dregs a swirl an' sling thim over her shoulder ag'in' the wall. Then, Sally Hogan, again, in tryin' to kape back a laugh at the tay leaves on the wall, must get a crumb in her troat an' bring the whole room to thump her on the back. Thin, Jane Flaherty gets a second cup wi' no sugar in it, an' makes a face like a monkey's an' gives a splutter, an' sets Kitty Malone off into a fit o' laughin'; an' Kitty sets Jane off, an' Jane sets Mary off, an' Mary sets Sally off; an' there sits Hannah in

her calico shroud, beside the ace o' diamonds, wi' a face on her like a child cuttin' its teeth. Aw! Heavenly Hour! An' in the middle o' the whole hubbub the dure opens, an' in tramps big John in his dirty boots, wi' his shirt-sleeves turned up, an' hay ropes around his legs, an' his hat on the back of his head, an' his pipe in his mouth—in steps John, an' stands lookin' at them all."

" 'Ho, ho,' roars John, an' marches across the calfskin; 'what have we here? A tay party,' says he, 'as I'm a livin' sinner! An' me not to know a thing about it! Well, better late nor never,' says he, then turns an' looks at Hannah. 'Aw, how d'ye do, Mrs. Breen?' says he, wi' a laugh. 'I hope I see ye well in your regimentals. An' how are the rest o' ye, me girls?' says he to the three along the wall. 'I'm glad to see ye all so hearty an' merry, so I am. But what, in glory, are ye all doin' over there away from the table? Why don't ye sit over an' have your tay like Christians?' says he. 'Come over, girls; come over this mortal minute,' says John: 'an' I'll have a cup wi' ye meself, so I will.' "

" 'John, it's afternoon tay it'll be; an' tables are not fashionable.' "

" 'Ah, sit ye down, Hannah, sit ye down, woman, an' be like another woman for once in your life.' "

" 'John,' says Hannah, 'Ye can't sit at this table. It's too small.' "

" 'Then pull it out from the wall,' roars John; 'pull

it out and let us get round it. Here, let me at it meself.' An' the next minute Hannah was screechin' in her shroud; an' there was a clatter o' crockery as if a bull had gone slap at a dresser, an' John was standin' like as if he was shot in the middle o' the flure, an' lyin' at his feet was the wee table, an' the ace o' diamonds, an' the whole o' Hannah's cups an' saucers, an' the tay pot, an' all, in a thousand pieces. Aw, Heavenly Hour! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"What had happened, Anne!" said I.

"Happened? Sure the table was only an' ould dressin' table an' had only three legs, an' was propped wi' the lame side ag'in' the wall; an' when John put it down in the middle of the flure—Aw, Heavenly Hour! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"An' that was the end of the tay party and the wee tablecloth, Aw, Heavenly Hour!"

—Shan Bullock.

(Adapted by Jessie Alexander.)

IN COVENANTING DAYS

THERE is a place, Shieldhill by name, that sits blithely on the braeface at the entering in of Annandale, where the country is not very wild, and there are many cottar houses dotted among the knowes. But at the time of my story the heavy hand of persecution was upon the country and the poor folk were being driven from the hearth and homestead to wander on the bleak and barren hillsides. For some time the troops of dragoons who were scouring the country had had but scant success, for they were ill-accustomed to this mossy and boggy land. At length, however, the commander of the main body, James Johnstone of Westerha', hit upon a plan for enclosing the whole with a ring of his men and coming upon the party of Covenanters as he thought, unawares, for he said the place was like a conventicle and rife with psalm-singers. But he was a wild man when he found the men and women all fled, and only the bairns, feared mostly out of their lives, sitting cowering by the ingle, or hiding about the byres.

"I'll fear them waur, or my name is no' James Johnstone!"

So what did this ill-set Johnstone do but gather them all up into a knot by a great thorn tree that grows on the slope. The children stood together, huddled in a crowd, too frightened to speak or even

to cry aloud; and one thing I noticed, that the lassie bairns sat stiller and grat not so much as the boys, all save one who was a laddie of about ten years. He stood with his hands behind his back, and his face was very white; but he threw back his head and looked the dragoons fair in the face as one that has conquered fear. Then Westerha' rode forward almost into the midst of the bairns, glowering and roaring at the bit things to frighten them as was his custom with such.

They were mostly from six to ten years of age, and when I saw them thus with their feared white faces I wished that I had been six foot high, and with twenty good men of the Glen at my back. But I minded that I was but a boy. "stay at-home John," as Sandy called me, and could do nothing with my hands; so I could only fret and be silent.

So Westerha' rode nearer to them, shouting to them like a shepherd crying down the wind tempestuously when his dogs are working sourly.

"Hark ye," he cried, "ill bairns that ye are! Ye are a' tae dee, an' that quickly, unless ye shall answer me what I shall ask of ye."

A party of soldiers was now drawn out before them, and the young things were bid look into the black muzzles of the muskets. They were, indeed, only loaded with powder, but the children did not know that.

"Tell me who comes to your houses at nights, and who goes away early in the mornings." The children crept closer to one another, but none answered, whereupon Westerha' indicated one with his finger, the lad

who stood up so straight and held his head back. "You, young cock-o'-the-heather! what might your black Whig's name be?"

"Just the same as yer Honour's, James Johnstone," replied the boy in no way abashed. Methought there ran a titter of laughter among the soldiers, for Westerha' was noways so well liked as Graham of Claverhouse or even roaring Grier of Lag.

"And what is your father's name?" continued Westerha', bending a black look on the lad.

"James Johnstone," replied the boy. Back in the ranks some one laughed. Westerha' flung an oath over his shoulder.

"Who was the man who laughed? Who was the man who laughed? I shall teach you to laugh at the Johnstone in his own country."

"It wis Jeems Johnstone o' Wamphray that laughed, your Honour," replied the calm voice of a troop-sergeant. Then Westerha' set himself to the work of examination, which suited him well.

"Ye will not answer, young rebels!" he cried. "Ken ye what they get that will not speak when the King bids them?"

"Are you the King?" said the lad of ten, who was called James Johnstone. At this Westerha' waxed perfectly furious, with a pale and shaky fury that I liked not to see; but indeed the whole affair was so distasteful to me that I could but turn my head away.

"Now, ill bairns," said Westerha', "and you, my young rebel namesake, hearken ye! The King's com-

mand is not to be made light of, and I tell you plainly, that as ye will not answer, I am resolved that ye shall all be shot dead on the spot."

With that he sent men to set them out in rows and make them kneel down with kerchiefs over their eyes. Now when the soldiers came near to the cluster of huddled bairns, that same heart-broken, little bleating which I have heard lambs make, broke again from them. It made my heart bleed and the nerves tingle in my palms; and this was King Charles Stuart making war; it had not been his father's way. But the soldiers—although some few were smiling a little as at an excellent play—were mostly black ashamed. Nevertheless, they made the bairns kneel, for that was the order, and without mutiny they could not better it.

"Soger man, wull ye let me tak' ma wee brither by the han', I think he wud thole it better," said a little maid of eight, and the soldier let go a great oath and looked at Westerha' as though he could have slain him.

"Bonny wark," he cried. "Deil burn me gin I listit for this."

But the little maid had already taken her brother by the hand. "Bend doon, Alec, ma man, doon on yer knees."

The boy glanced up at her. "Wull it be sair, think ye, Maggie? I hope it'll no' be awful sair."

"Na, na, Alec," his sister made answer. "It'll no' be either lang or sair."

But James Johnstone neither bent nor knelt. "I hae dune nae wrang," he said. "I'll juist dee this way."

And he stood up like one that straightens himself at drill.

Then Westerha' bid fire over the bairns' heads, which was cruel, cruel work, and only some of the soldiers did it; but even the few pieces that did go off made a great noise in that lonely place. At the sound of the muskets some of the bairns fell forward on their faces as if they had really been shot; some leapt in the air, but the most part knelt quietly down and composedly. Little Alec, whose sister had his hand in hers, made as if to rise,

"Bide ye doon, Alec, ma wee mannie," she said, very quietly, "It's no' oor turn yet."

Then the heart within me gave way, and I roared out in my helpless pain a perfect gowl of anger and grief.

"Bonny Whigs ye are," cried Westerha', "tae dee without even a prayer! Put up a prayer this minute, for ye shall a' dee, every one o' ye."

Then the boy, James Johnstone, made answer to him. "Sir, we canna pray, for we be too young to pray."

"Ye are not too young to rebel nor yet to die for it," was the brute-beast's answer. With that the little girl held up a hand as if she was answering a dominie in class.

"An' it please ye, sir," she said, "me an' Alec canna' pray, but we can sing 'The Lord's my Shepherd,' gin that wull do; my mither learnt us it afore she gaed awa'." And before any one could stop her,

she stood up like one that leads the singin' in a kirk. "Stan' up, Alec, ma mannie," she said.

Then all the bairns stood up, and from the lips of the babes arose the quavering strains, "The Lord's my Sherpherd, I'll not want." . . . As they sang, I began to grasp hold of my pistols and to sort and prime them, hardly knowing what I did, for I was resolved to make a break for it, and at least to blow a hole in James Johnstone of Westerha' that would mar him for life, before I suffered any more of it; but even as they sang I saw trooper after trooper turn away his head, for being Scots bairns themselves they had all learnt that psalm. The ranks shook, man after man fell out, and I saw the tears happin' down their cheeks. But it was Douglas of Morton, the stark persecutor, who first broke down.

"Curse it, Westerha'," he cried, "I canna' thole this langer; I'll war wi' bairns nae mair fur a' the earldoms i' the north." And at last even Westerha' turned his bridle and rode away from Shieldhill, for the victory was to the bairns. I wonder what his thoughts were, for he, too, had learnt that psalm at his mother's knee, and as the troopers rode loosely up hill and down brae, broken and ashamed, the sound of these bairns' singing followed them, and across the fells came the words:—

"Yea though I walk through death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still."

—S. R. Crocket.

(From The Men of Moss Hags.)

CORONATION CROWDS

(I am indebted to "Punch" for three incidents herein recorded.)

"ALL the world's a stage," says Shakespeare, "And all the men and women, merely players," and I often think that some of the unrehearsed scenes of life acted by men and women who are entirely unconscious of the gaze of onlookers are of more human interest than many of the plays back of the foot lights. For that reason, on Coronation morning, I congratulated myself on having secured a front seat on the Canadian Stand from which I knew many of these little human scenes would be visible, and the voices of the crowds below, plainly audible.

Leisurely London was astir very early that morning; indeed, half the Londoners seemed hardly to have slept at all, and as we made our way to the Canadian stand at five-thirty a.m., the weary men and women who had been sitting on the curbs all night looked like ghosts in the grey light of that misty morning.

We reached the stand about six, although the procession was not to pass till almost eleven; one portly dame sitting near me gazing into her lunch box—half as large as herself—exclaimed complainingly, "Five empty hours!" But for most of us, there were not

five empty minutes. In the first place, the Canadians were arriving by thousands, bright and alert even at that hour in the morning, greeting each other most enthusiastically: "Why, how do you do?" "When did you come over?" "Isn't this a magnificent viewpoint?" "Arn't we lucky?" These remarks were echoed by many of the people in front of the stand: "I s'y, w'ot stand is this, d'ye know?" "Aoh yes! That's the Canydian stand." "The Canydian stand! My word! but the Canydians are gettin' all the plums." "Aoh yes, ye know ever since King George came back from his tour as Prince o' Wales with the watchword, 'Waike up, England!' Canada's been wot they call 'It'."

"Aoh, yes! That's always the w'y," said one socialistic individual in a grey flannel shirt, "It's always the prodigal son as goes into the far country as gets the fatted calf, us as stays at 'ome doesn't 'ave as much as a kid to mike merry with."

"Oo naow Jimes, we've got seven kids, wo't more do ye want?"

Amid the din of English voices, a Scotch accent rose clearly: "Ay, London's a place where ye get naething for naething and dashed little for saxpence!"

"Well, Scotty, wot did you come to Lunnon for?"

"Aweel, ye see, we wanted to see oor Jock mairchin' wi' 'The Highlanders' an' the guidwife was determined tae celebrate oor 'Siller Weddin' ' by comin' tae see The Coronation. Aweel, its a siller celebration a' richt, the siller's fair poorin' oot o' ma pooch."

"I s'y, Scotty, you mike me think of a 'oss raice that I once saw; it was so close that the leading 'oss just won by the length of 'is nose, and in the next round, the leading 'oss 'ad 'is tongue out, an' ee just won by the tip of 'is tongue, but I s'y, it was in Scotland that I saw the *closest raice* I ever saw!"

The people standing in the level below maintained, for the most part, the most perfect order and the utmost good humour, as English crowds usually do, but we did hear an occasional protest: one man in the third row back shouted out to a woman in front, "Hi there! you laidy with the violet 'at with feathers like a 'Ighlander, cawn't ye taike off yer 'at and let the people be'ind ye see somethink'?" "I will if you'll tie back your ears and let the people be'ind you see somethink'."

A humourist in the crowd endeavours to make peace by saying: "Fellow sardines, do let 'ave peace in the tin! The laidy wants to keep on 'er 'at, so's to let the Queen 'ave a look at it, and the gentleman wants to flop 'is ears to keep off the flies!"

Just here, our attention was caught by a group of Yorkshire people, rosy-cheeked and wholesome looking. The big, burly, good natured farmer was saying to his still more burly son, "Jonas, d'ye think ye could 'oist moother oop on yer showlder when they coom along?" "Oh no, faither, I'm sure I can't, my arms is pinned to ma sides now like a goose i' the oven." Meek little mother says! "Oh, niver mind me! I'm

all right, it's oor wee Garge as'll matter; wo't can ye see George?" "Nowt but 'ats! an' ma tongue's as dry as a 'ay-rake!" "Oh," responds the sympathetic mother, "why doan't ye sook wan o' those thurst squenchers I bought for ye?" "I can't!" wails George, "They're doon in ma pocket an' I can't get ma hands doon tae them."

On the edge of the Park, a small red-haired urchin, who is balancing himself on the sides of a stout butcher-basket, shouts inopportunely, "Home Rule! Home Rule!"

In another moment his irate mother pounces upon him, "If it's Home Rule ye want, it's home-rule ye'll get, ye spalpeen! shoutin' Home Rule on such a day, when the quane is bein' coronated, an' her wid the blissid name av Mary!"

Then she explained to a friend: "I've stood for six or eight hours to see ivery wan o' these R'yalty shows, but I niver saw wan av thim yit! Cos whoy? Ivry toime they do shout 'Here they come!' I do get that excoited, that I faint dead away!"

"W'ot a silly!" responded her Cockney companion, "No sense in faintin' nowadays, when the h'ambulance corps comes along, puts you on a stretcher, tikes you aout to a back street and gives you h'ammonia to bring you to! There was some sense in faintin' in the days w'en they used to tike ye aout for h'air to the front row in line with the soldiers! My word! I used to faint myself in thowse d'ys."

"Will you kindly tike yer humbreller-'andle out of my back?" said an irritated woman to a scholastic looking gentleman behind her. "People 'ave no right to bring humbrellars in such a craowd as this!"

"Pardon me, madam, but the object to which you refer is not an umbrella handle, and in my present compressed condition, I cannot take it out of your back, its my elbow." "Yer elbow! Well, all I can say is, they've let you out of the 'ospital too soon!" "Coronation boxes, Two Shillings!" These were soap boxes offered for rent by an enterprising Cockney. "Camp-stools one and six, three-legged stools one shilling."

"Maister!" shouted our Scotch friend, "yer stools are stools o' repentance! The guidwife's camp-stool folds up like a jack-knife whenever she stands on't, and my three-legged stool loses its legs every time I move."

"Oh, that's because a 'Ighland band's a comin'; you couldn't expect your stool to keep its legs with the bag-pipes a playin'!" And sure enough, in the distance we heard the strains of the "Cock o' the North."

You should have seen the populace wake up as a magnificent Highland Regiment approached! One enthusiastic Scotch Canadian exclaimed! "Who's like them? Look at the free movement; the swing of the kilt, the swish of the sporran, the sway of the plumes, the waving of the plaidie! They're not like little tin soldiers poured into a uniform, they're men in action!

The old Scotch couple who had 'come tae London tae celebrate their siller waddin' " grew very much excited, the wife shouting "There's oor Jock! See, there's oor Jock! They're a' oot o' step but oor Jock!" The husband threw up his bonnet with a "Hooch!" and all the legs of his stool went down from under him.

"Just then the bands struck up 'God Save the King,' " signal flags were waved from the top of Buckingham Palace and the Royal Procession started. The climax of the play had been reached. After that, I can hardly tell you what the crowds said or did, though I did notice that at the last moment "wee Garge" was hoisted up on his father's shoulder and told "to look at the sowldiers wi' the muffs on their 'eads." I also realized that at the first sound of the signal guns, the loyal Irish lady promptly fainted and was carried to the rear, but from that time on, our eyes were filled with the blaze of purple and scarlet, silver and gold, of magnificent warriors and proud-stepping horses, of picked regiments from all parts of the Empire, of heroes like Roberts and Kitchener, of Royal women and Princes from every court in Europe, and in the midst of it, the very centre of it all, King George and Queen Mary! The mighty shout that went up to greet them, came literally from the four winds of heaven, for in that multitude, England, Ireland, Scotland, Canada, Australia, South Africa, India,—all parts of the British Empire were represented, and in that cheer, thundered the voice of Imperialism that expressed not only

loyalty to King George and Queen Mary, but the love that had been handed down to them from the virtuous Victoria and the peace-loving Edward; and as I looked about me and saw that spirit of Patriotism shining in every face, the lines of our Canadian poet, Wilfred Campbell, kept ringing in my ears:

"England, England, England—
Girdled by ocean and skies,
And the power of a world and the heart of a race,
And a hope that never dies;
Not yours alone the glory of old,
Of a thousand splendid years
Of Britain's right and Britain's might
And the brunt of British spears!
Not yours alone, for the whole world round
Ready to dare and do,
Scot and Saxon and Norman and Dane
With the Northman's courage for blessing or bane,
Are England's heroes too,
North and South and East and West,
Wherever their triumphs be,
Their glory goes home to that ocean girt Isle,
Where the heather blooms and the roses smile,
With the green Isle under her lea.
And whenever the smoke of an alien gun
Threatens her iron repose
Shoulder to shoulder against the world
Face to face with her foes
Scot and Saxon and Celt are one

CORONATION CROWDS

Where the glory of England goes!
And we of the newer and vaster West,
Where the great war banners are furled,
And commerce hurries her teeming hosts,
And the cannon are silent along our coasts;
Saxon and Gaul, Canadians claim
A part in the glory and pride and aim
Of the Empire that girdles the world."

—JESSIE ALEXANDER.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

IS life worth living? Yes, so long
As spring revives the year,
And hails us with the cuckoo's song,
To show that she is here;
So long as May of April takes,
In smiles and tears, farewell,
And windflowers dapple all the brakes,
And primroses, the dell;
While children in the woodlands yet
Adorn their little laps
With ladysmock and violet,
And daisy-chain their caps;
While over orchard daffodils
Cloud-shadows float and fleet,
And ousel pipes and laverock trills,
And young lambs buck and bleat;
So long as that which bursts the bud
And swells and tunes the rill,
Makes springtime in the maiden's blood,
Life is worth living still.

When summer, lingering half-forlorn,
On autumn loves to lean,
And fields of slowly yellowing corn
Are girt by woods still green;
When hazel-nuts wax brown and plump,

And apples rosy-red,
And the owlet hoots from hollow stump,
And the dormouse makes its bed;
When crammed are all the granary floors,
And the Hunter's moon is bright,
And life again is sweet indoors,
And logs again alight;
Aye, even when the houseless wind
Waileth through cleft and chink,
And in the twilight maids grow kind,
And jugs are filled and clink;
When children clasp their hands and pray
"Be done Thy heavenly will!"
Who doth not lift his voice, and say,
"Life is worth living still?"

Is life worth living? Yes, so long
As there is wrong to right,
Wail of the weak against the strong,
Or tyranny to fight
Long as there lingers gloom to chase,
Or streaming tear to dry,
One kindred woe, one sorrowing face
That smiles as we draw nigh;
Long as at tale of anguish swells
The heart, and lids grow wet,
And at the sound of Christmas bells
We pardon and forget;
So long as Faith with Freedom reigns,
And loyal Hope survives,

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

And gracious Charity remains
To leaven lowly lives;
While there is one untrodden tract
For Intellect or Will,
And men are free to think and act
Life is worth living still.

Not care to live while English homes
Nestle 'mid English trees,
And England's Trident-Sceptre roams
Her territorial seas!
Not live while Britain's songs are sung
Wherever blows the wind,
And British laws and British tongue
Enfranchise half mankind!
So long as in Pacific main,
Or on Atlantic strand,
Our kin transmit the parent strain,
And love the Mother-land;
So long as in this ocean Realm,
Victoria's Royal Line
Retain the heritage of the helm,
By loyalty divine;
So long as flashes English steel,
And English trumpets shrill,
He is dead already who doth not feel
Life is worth living still.

—Alfred Austin

SHOULD WOMEN PROPOSE?

DE odder night sister Alviry, wo'ts one of dese heah long stringy sort ob women dat looks lak she'd been born in a calico wrapper, she comes to mah house and whiles we's discoursin' on de rights an' de wrongs ob our sect, she says. "Well t'ank heaben, sister Mandy, dat dis is leap-yeah an' de women will hab de chance to pop de question to de men dhey'd lak for husbands."

"Huh!" I says, "Whiles I believes in de rights ob my sect, I aint got no sort ob faith dat we'll be able to foreclose on 'em! least ways whar de men is concerned!"

"I tell you what it is, sistah Mandy," says Alviry; "if dar's one t'ing mo' dan anodder dat shows what poor, mis'able, down-trodden female worms ob de dust we women is, it's de fact dat we ain't got no say-so in pickin' out de man we'd like to live with, and work for, an' cook an' wash an' iron an' bake for, an' take his back talk for thirty or forty yeahs! No'm, we women ain't got no say-so in choosin' our own husbands. All we can do is to set down an' look willin', an' cross our fingers for luck an' put ourselves in de attitude ob bein' ready to receive de blessin', in case some man should be kind enough to look our way an' ax us to tie up wit' him!"

"Dat's so!" I says, "An wit' po'k chops soarin' away up in price lak dey has wings, de men is mighty slow comin' along!"

"I tell you whut it is, sistah Mandy," pursues Alviry, "if every woman had de right to choose her pick of a husband 'stead ob just takin' what she can git, dar would be fewer slack wives in de worl', 'cos I've noticed dat many a woman takes out on de po' unfortunate man she does git, her spite in not gittin' de one she had her eye on! An' dere would be fewer foolish marriages if de women had de choosin'; fo' a man chooses a wife lak he would a china dish, by de looks ob it, or de decoration its got on, but if de woman wus choosin' she would choose a man dat would be some use in de worl'." "Sistah Alviry," I says, "be you gwan' to pop de question to some man durin' dis leap yeah?"

"Ax me no questions, an I'll tell you no lies! But I will tell you dis, sistah Mandy, dat de case ob broddah Eben wid dat houseful ob small children an' no ma to look arter 'em, does go straight to mah heart, an' if he don' know a woman dat's just cut out to be a good step-ma an' a lubbin' wife, why I does, an' de forgibben name of dat woman is Alviry!"

"Wall when Alviry had gone home, mah daughter, Ma'y Jane, says to me, 'Ma, do you believe in de women proposin' to de men?'

"Law chile," I says, "I t'ink every woman has de right to pop de question if she wants to, but lan' sakes!" I says, "any woman dat can't tole a man along

to de pint of axin' her himself, can't lead a blind goose to water! She certainly is a dumb woman and has so little gumption dat she might as well have been bawn a man to start wit'."

"Law chile! dar's lebbenty lebben ways o' bringin' a man up to de proposin' p'int an' ebery one ob dem wu'ks! 'Cos heahs all ob we—all married women heah to prove it. Co'se I know eve'y woman lies low on dat subject an' every one ob 'em 'll try to make you believe dat de man *she* marry chase her up to de altah an' done cotch her dar, but law chile! we woul'nt hab many mo' calls to shake our feet at many mo' weddin's if it was left entirely to de men to pop de question. Oh, no, honey! Eve'y man dat is safe in de matrimonial fold has been helped ovah de fence a little by some woman." "Co'se you has to use diff'rent ways wit' diff'rent men, 'cos men is own bruddah to de mule an' dey's powerful apt to baulk befo' de matrimonial fence, an' some ob dem has to be coaxed an' some ob dem has to be driven an' some ob dem has to be skeered befo' dey'll jump de fence. Now you take Si, fo' instance, Si kep' co'tin Liza Jane, hangin' roun' Liza Jane fo' six yeahs, till he wore de rockers clean off de cheers an' mos' e't her folks into de po'house. Si was one of dese heah biggety chaps dat t'ought so much of his looks, dat he jest t'ought people ought to pay out money to look at him. He hadn't no idee o' gettin' married, but Liza Jane she had! So one night, when he was gwan home, she bu'st out cryin'." "Why what's de mattah, Liza Jane?" "Oh!" she says, "You'se gwan

home an' I won't see you till to-morrow night an' I don' see how I can stand it!" "Co'se dat fotched Si! 'Cos he was so sorry for any one dat had to be deprived ob de pleasure ob his sassiety, dat fus t'ing he knew, he was tellin' her dat he wouldn't leave her no mo!" "An' I ain't never tole you how I brought Ike up to de proposin' pint, 'cos Ike's been t'nkin' for de las' thirty yeahs dat he did it all by himself, an' dat whut brought mattahs to a haid was de accident of a snake dat wuz lyin' across de path one night when we was out walkin' togeddah, an' I got so skeered ob dat snake dat I fainted away an' fell in his arms, an' w'en I done come to he done tole me dat he lubbed me an' ax me to marry him! Now, Ike's been t'inkin' fo' de las' ther'tty yeahs, if it hadn't a been for dat snake dat him an' me might neber hab been married, but Law chile! I reckon I knows who put dat ole daid garter-snake in dat partic'lah part ob de road! (He! he! he! he!) Oh no honey! I ain't got no sort ob use fo' de woman dat t'inks she has to pop de question! Dat woman certainly does need a guardeen; fo' if she did propose to de man, he wouldn't have her, no mattah how much he wanted her because *he* didn't t'ink ob de idee fust! An' she wouldn't know how to manage a man if she did marry him, oh, no, honey! Any woman dat has no mo' sense dan dat ain't got no call to get married; she ain't predestinated or fo' ordained fo' de holy estate ob matrimony."

—By Dorothy Dix.

(Altered for Recitation, Jessie Alexander.)

'CEPTIN' ME

I SIT here thinkin', thinkin', an' I'm happy as can be,
I have so much to think of, for the fambly's big you see,
There's father and there's mother, an' there's sister Isabell,
There's Mary, Tom, an' Willie, an' there's Helen I call Nell.
Then baby Ned an' Anna,— but I'm Anna course you know,
An' then there's big Jack Middleton—He's Isabella's beau.
An' every one of them is strong an' straight as they can be,
For the Wilsons all are healthy—that is 'ceptin' me.

When I was just at Tom's age—he's seven an' going on eight—
I didn't used to stay in bed, but was as strong an' straight
Till I got hurt, I guess it must have been three years ago,
An' we were on our way to school, we'd just had our first snow
An' the boys were all excited aslidin' down the hill
An' didn't see some youngsters who got scared as youngsters will

An' couldn't move, till I ran quick an' shoved 'em past
you see,
An' there was'nt one of 'em got hurt—that is 'ceptin'
me.

A-ceptin' me, I didn't know a thing for days an' days
They said I was run over by the biggest of the sleighs.
'Twas about it in the paper! an' every body read,
About the little yeroine—I think that's what they said
But anyway it is a name for girls when they are brave
An' it's all in Bella's scrap-book which she's always
goin' to save;
An' the people in the church were as kind as they
could be,
A' they never prayed in Sunday-school for no one
'ceptin' me.

So I sit here just a thinkin', alone with baby Ned,
Except when mother's mendin' or the paper aint been
read,
She reads me little stories, till the children comes at
four,
An' don't I wait an' listen for their steps outside the
door?
An' then when Isabella comes she always has to fix
For Jack comes in the evening-time—an' pretty soon
it's six
An' Will an' Father's home then an' the Wilsons have
their tea
An' we all sits 'round the table close—that is 'ceptin'
me.

'CEPTIN' ME

But O I like the evenin'-times or Sunday afternoons
For then Bella plays the organ an' Jack an' she sing tunes
An' my room's off the front-room, so I can see 'em there
An' the organ an' the what-not, an' mother's rockin'-chair.
But sometimes I gets tired like—they have to close the door,
Then the music's distant dreaming—I think I love it more,
The way they sing "Sun of My Soul" is oh!—just heavenly,
An' the room seems filled with angels, but there's no one 'ceptin' me.

But there's another tune they sing, I hum it through at night,
When the pain keeps me from sleeping an' the moon's a shining bright,
It's "A Home for Little Children above the Bright Blue Sky."
An' I'll be so strong and well then when I go there by an' bye.
I sometimes used to be afraid I wouldn't know the way
Until I went to service in the church on Easter Day,
I'll never go again—it hurt me to be moved, you see
But the Wilsons all go reg'lar—that is 'ceptin' me.

I saw the big new window in the church when I was there,

'CEPTIN' ME

With a picture of St. Peter all a shinin' bright and fair,
His face was like my doctor man's, just loving, good and kind
But since his likeness I have seen, I know my way I'll find.
I'll never be tired—tired, and if there should be a crowd
I'll know him when I see him and I'll ask him good and loud
"O please Mister Saint Peter, unlock with your golden key
The fambly isn't here, sir, there's no one 'ceptin' me."

—Alma Frances McCollum.

(Written specially for Jessie Alexander.)

MRS. BATESON'S TEA-PARTY

"COUSIN Maria, please may I go to tea at Mrs. Bateson's with Christopher?" said Elizabeth, one day, opening the library door. "Mrs. Bateson has killed her pig and there will be pork pies for tea."

Miss Farrington looked over her spectacles at the restless little figure. "Yes, my child; I see no reason why you shouldn't go. The Bateson's are very worthy tenants and very good Methodists."

So that afternoon Christopher and Elizabeth sallied forth to Mrs. Bateson's tea-party.

As Elizabeth had surmised, the entertainment on this occasion was pork pie; and Mrs. Hankey, a near neighbour, had also been bidden to share the feast.

"I 'ope you'll all make yourselves welcome," said Mrs. Bateson, after they had sat down at the festive board ; "Master Christopher, my dear, will you kindly ask a blessing?"

Christopher asked a blessing, as kindly as he could, and Mrs. Bateson continued:

"Well, to be sure, it is a pleasure to see you looking so tall and strong, Master Christopher, after all your schooling. I'm not in favour of much schooling myself, as I think it 'inders young folks from growin', and puts them off their vittles; but you give the contradiction to that notion, doesn't he, Mrs. 'Ankey?"

Mrs. Hankey shook her head. It was her rule in life never to look on the bright side of things, she considered that to do so was what she called "tempting Providence." Her theory appeared to be, that as long as Providence saw you were miserable, that Power was comfortable concerning you and let you alone; but if Providence discovered you could bear more sorrow than you were then bearing, you were at once supplied with that little more. Naturally, therefore, her object was to convince Providence that her cup of misery was full.

"You can never tell," she replied—"never; often them that looks the best feels the worst; and many's the time I've seen folks look the very picture of 'ealth just before they was took with a mortal illness."

"Ay, that's so," agreed the hostess; "but I think Master Christopher's looks are the right sort; such a nice colour as he's got, too!"

"That comes from him being so fair complexioned —it's no sign of 'ealth," persisted Mrs. Hankey; "in fact, I mistrust those fair complexions, especially in lads of his age. Why, he ought to be as brown as a berry, instead of pink and white like a girl."

"It would look hideous to have a brown face with such yellow hair as mine."

"Master Christopher, don't call anything that the Lord has made, 'ijeous.' We must all be as He has formed us, however that may be," replied Mrs. Hankey reprovingly; "and it is not our place to pass re-

marks upon what He has done for the best. Now, Miss Elizabeth does look delicate, and no mistake, she grows too fast for her strength, I'll be bound; and her poor mother died young, you know, so it is in the family."

"Oh, she is pale, Mrs. Hankey, there's no doubt of that; but pale folks are often the 'ealthiest, though they mayn't be the 'andsomest. And she is wiry, is Miss Elizabeth, though she may be thin. But is your tea to your taste, or will you take a little more cream in it?"

"It is quite right, thank you, Mrs. Bateson; and the pork-pie is just beautiful. What a light hand for pastry you always have!"

"Oh, thank you, Elizabeth, I doubt if I ever made a better batch of pies than this. When they were all ready for baking, Bateson says to me, 'Kezia,' he says, 'them pies is a regular picture—all so smooth and even-like, you can't tell w'ich from t'other.' 'Bateson,' said I, 'I've done my best with them; and if only the Lord will be with them in the oven, they'll be the best batch of pies this side of Jordan.' "

"And so they are," said Elizabeth; "they are perfectly lovely."

"Yes, you always are fortunate in your pigs," Mrs. Hankey remarked; "such fine hams and such beautiful roaded bacon I never see anywhere equal to yours. It'll be a sad day for you, Mrs. Bateson, when swine fever comes into the district. I know no one as'll feel it more."

"Now you must tell us all about your niece's wedding, Mrs. 'Ankey," Mrs. Bateson said—"'er that was married last week. My word alive, but your sister is wonderful fortunate in settling 'er daughters! That's what I call a well-brought-up family, and no mistake. Five daughters, and each one found peace and a pious 'usband before she was five-and-twenty."

"The one before last married a Churchman," sniffed Mrs. Hankey.

"Well, to be sure! Still, he may make her a good 'usband."

"He may or he may not; you never can tell. It seems to me that husbands are like new boots—you can't tell where they're going to pinch till it's too late to change 'em. And as for creaking, why, the boots that are quietest in the shop are just the ones that fairly disgrace you when you come into chapel late on a Sunday morning; and it is pretty much the same with husbands—those that are the meekest in the wooing are the most masterful to live with.

"How did the last daughter's wedding go off? She married a Methodist surely?"

"She did, Mrs. Bateson; and a better match no mother could wish for her daughter, not even a duchess born; he's a chapel-steward and a master-painter, and has six men under 'im. As I said to my sister, I only hope he may be spared to make Susan a good 'usband; but when a man is a chapel-steward at thirty-four, and drives his own cart, you begin to think that

he is too good for this world, and that he is almost ripe for a better one."

"You do, indeed; there's no denying that."

"But the weddin' was beautiful: I never saw its equal—never; and as for the prayer that the minister offered up at the end of the service, it was so interesting and instructive. Such a lot of information in it about love and marriage and the like as I'd never heard before; and when he referred to the bridegroom's first wife, and drew a picture of 'ow she'd be waitin' to welcome them both, when the time came, on the further shore—upon my word, there wasn't a dry eye in the chapel!" And Mrs. Hankey wiped hers at the mere remembrance of the scene.

"But what did Susan say?" asked Elizabeth. "I expect she didn't want another wife to welcome them on the further shore."

"Oh! Miss Elizabeth, what a naughty, selfish little girl you are! Why, you don't suppose, surely, that when folks get to 'eaven they'll be so greedy and graspin' that they'll want to keep everything to themselves, do you? My niece is a good girl and a member of society, and she was as pleased as anybody at the minister's beautiful prayer."

"How is your sister herself?" inquired Mrs. Bateson. "I expect she's a bit upset now that the fuss is all over, and she hasn't a daughter left to bless herself with."

Mrs. Hankey sighed cheerfully. "Well, she did

seem rather low-spirited when all the mess was cleared up, and Susan had gone off to her own 'ome; but I says to her, 'Never mind, Sarah, and don't you worry yourself; now that the weddin's are over, the funerals will soon begin.' You see, you must cheer folks up a bit, Mrs. Bateson, when thy're feeling out of sorts."

"You must, indeed; it is dull without daughters when you've once got accustomed to 'em, daughters being a sight more comfortable and convenient than sons, to my mind."

"Well, you see, daughters you can teach to know theirselves, and sons you can't. Though even daughters can never rest till they've got married, more's the pity! If they knowed as much about men as I do, they'd be thankin' the Lord that He'd created them single, instead of forever fidgetting to change the state to which they were born."

"Well, I 'olds with folks getting married," argued Mrs. Bateson; "it gives 'em something to think about between Sunday's sermon and Thursday's bakin'; and if folks have nothing to think about, they think about mischief."

"That's true, especially if they happen to be men. They've no sense, men haven't; that's what is the matter with them."

"You never spoke a truer word, Mrs. Hankey," agreed her hostess; "the very best of them don't properly know the difference between their souls and their stomachs; and they fancy that they are a-wrestling

with their doubts, when really it is their dinners that are a-wrestling with them. Now take Bateson hisself, and a kinder husband, or a better Methodist never drew breath; yet so sure as he touches a bit of pork, he begins to worry 'isself about the doctrine of election till there's no living with 'im. And there 'e'll sit in the front parlour and engage in prayer for hours at a time, till I says to him, 'Bateson,' says I, 'I'd be ashamed to go troubling the Lord with a prayer, when a pinch o' carbonate o' soda would set things straight again.' Now Bateson has been going on like this for thirty years or more; yet if there's roast pork on the table, and I say a word to put him off it, he's that 'urt as never was. Why, I'm only too glad to see 'im enjoyin' his food if no harm comes of it; but it's dreary work seein' your 'usband in the Slough of Despond, especially when it's your business to drag him out again, and most especially when you particularly warned 'im against going in."

Mrs. Hankey groaned. "The Bible says true when it tells us that men are born to give trouble as the sparks fly upwards. At my niece's wedding, as we were just speaking about, 'Susan,' I says, 'I wish you happiness; and I only hope you won't live to regret your marriage as I have done mine.' For my part, I can't see what girls want with husbands at all; they are far better without them."

"Not they, Mrs. Hankey," replied Mrs. Bateson

warmly; "any sort of a husband is better than none, to my mind. Life is made up of noughts and crosses; and the folks that get the crosses are a deal better off than those that get the noughts. And after all, in spite of the botheration he gives, there's something very cheerful in having a man about the house. They keep you alive, do men."

—Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.
(Adapted by Jessie Alexander.)

BRITISH OVER ALL

(Altered for present day use.)

WHEN our fathers crossed the ocean,
In the glorious days gone by,
They breathed their deep emotion,
In many a tear and sigh.
But a brighter lay before them,
Then the good old land that bore them
And all the wide world knows now,
That land was Canada.

Then line up and try us,
Whoever would deuy us
The freedom of our birthright,
They'll find us like a wall;
For we are Canadian, Canadian forever,
Canadian forever, but British, over all.

Our fathers came to win us
This land beyond recall
And the same blood flows within us,
Of Briton, Celt or Gaul.
Keep alive each glowing ember
Of your sireland, but remember!
Our country is Canadian,
Whatever may befall.

Who shall blame them, who shall blame us,
If we tell ourselves with pride.

BRITISH OVER ALL

That a thousand years to tame us
The foe has often tried!
And now the Allies need us,
They require no chains to lead us
For we are Empire's children
And ready at her call.

Then line up and try us,
Whoever would deny us
The freedom of our birthright,
They'll find us like a wall;
For we are Canadian, Canadian forever,
Canadian forever, and British over all

—Dr. W. H. Drummond.

This poem appears in "The Voyageur" as "Canadian Forever."

SAUNDERS M'GLASHAN'S COURTSHIP

SAUNDERS M'GLASHAN was a handloom weaver in a rural part of Scotland, many years ago. His father having died, it fell to his lot as eldest son, to keep the hoose and be "a faither to the ither bairns." Years passed, the bairns were wooed and married and a' and Saunders was left alone with his mother, till, when he was about fifty years of age, she, too, died.

He sat down in his father's chair crowned with the priceless crown of a deserved blessing, but there was no voice to welcome him.

"What'll I dae?" he said. "I think I'll just keep the hoose mysel'." This was easily done, for he lived very simply—parritch or brose to breakfast, tatties and herrin' to dinner, and brose or parritch again to supper. But when winter set in, his trials began. One dark morning he awoke and said, "What needs I lie gantin' here, I'll rise and get a licht." So he got his flint and steel and tinder-box and set to work. Nowadays we strike a match and have a light, but Saunders had no such easy task. The spark from the steel and flint would not ignite the tinder, he struck vehemently, missed the flint, and drove the steel deep into his knuckles. "This'll never dae," he cried, "I'm tired o' this life—I'm determined to hae a wife." He suc-

ceeded at last in lighting the fire and made his parritch, but he burnt them, and the soot came doon the lum and fell into them. "I'm pooshinin' mysel'," he said; "I'm fa'in' awa' frae ma claes, an' my breeks are hingin' in wrunkles about me. I said in my haste this mornin' that I wad hae a wife, an' noo I say in my solemn leisure, 'This very day I shall have a wife!' "

Saunders was a simple-minded man, but no simpleton. He knew nothing of the ways of women. Various maidens had set their caps at him, but he had never seen it. He knew his Bible well, and naturally turned to Solomon for advice,—but did not get much comfort there. "Hoo am I to understand women," he said, "for Solomon was the wisest man that ever lived, and he said that he couldna understand the ways o' women—it was'na for the want of opportunity ony way."

Instinct told him when he went a-wooing, his best dress should go on; and looking in the glass he said, "I canna gang to see the lasses wi' a beard like that." So he shaved himself, altho' he was never known to shave except on Saturday; and he was such a strict Sabbatarian, that if he began to shave late on Saturday night and the clock chappit twelve when he had but one half of his face scrapit, he would leave it till the Sunday was over. The shaving done, he rubbed his chin, saying, with great simplicity, "I think that should dae for the lasses noo." Then he turned and admired himself in the glass, for vanity is the last thing that dies,

even in man. "Ye're no a very ill lookin' man aifter a', Saunders; but it's a' very weel' bein' guid lookin' and weel drest, whatna woman am I gaun to seek for my wife."

He got, at length, paper and a pencil and wrote down with great deliberation, six female names in large half text, carefully dotting all the "i's," and stroking all the "t's," and surveyed the list as follows: "That's a' the women I mind about. There's no great choice among them, I think—let me see," putting on his spectacles,—"Several of them I've never spoken till, but I suppose that's no consequence in this case. There's Mary Young. She's no verra young, at ony rate. Elspeth McFarlane, but she's blind o' the richt e'e; and it's no necessary that Saunders M'Glashan—ahem—should marry an imperfect woman. Kirsty Forsyth—ah—she's been married twice already, an' surely twa men's enough for ony woman. Mary Morison—hum—a very bonnie woman, but she's gotton a confounded long tongue, an' they say the hair upon her head's no' her ain hair—I'm certain it's her ain tongue at ony rate! Jeanie Miller—hem-m—wi' plenty o' siller —no' to be despised. Janet Henderson, wi' plenty o' love. I ken that she has a guide hairt, for she was kind till her mither lang bedfast; an' when ony barefoot laddie braks his taes, he rises and gowls, and runs straight to her house, and she claps him on the head, and says, 'rin awa' hame noo, ye'll be a man afore yer mither!' "

"Noo, which o' thae six will I go to first? I think the first four can bide a wee, but the last twa—siller and love!—love and siller! Eh, wadna it be grand if a person could get them baith! but that's no' allowed in the Christian dispensation. The patriarchs had mair liberty. Abraham wad just hae ta'en them baith, but I'm no Abraham. They say siller's the god o' this warld—I never had ony mair use for siller, than to buy meat and claes, to put a penny in the plate on Sabbath, and gie a bawbee to a blin' fiddler. But they say heaven's love and love's heaven, an' if I bring Janet Henderson to my fireside and she sits at that side darnin' stockin's, and I sit at this side readin' after my day's wark, an' I lauch ower to her, and she lauchs ower tae me, isna that heaven upon earth? A person can get on in this warld withoot siller, but they canna get on withoot love. I'll gi'e Janet Henderson the first offer."

He put on his best Sabbath-day hat, and issued forth into the street. Instantly at all the windows commanding a view of the street, there were female noses flattened against the panes. Voices might be heard crying, "mither! mither! mither! there's Saunders M'Glashan wi' his beard aff, and his Sabbath-day claes on in the middle o' the week; he's looking awfu' melancholy,—I wonder wha's dead."

Quite unconscious of the sensation he was creating, he walked gravely on towards the house of Janet Henderson. She at this moment, not knowing that her

first offer was so near, was sitting spinning, sighing and saying: "Eh preserve me! its a weary warld! I've been thirty year auld for the last ten years (sings)

'Naebody comin' to marry me,
Naebody comin' tae woo!
Naebody comin' to marry me,
Naebody comin' tae woo.'"

The door opened, and there stood Saunders M'Glashan. "Eh! preserve me, Saunders, is that you? A sicht o' you's guid for sair een!" The maiden span and took side-long glances. A woman can see mair wi' the tail o' her ee, than a man can see with his two eyes wide open. "Come awa' into the fire. What's up wi' ye the day, Saunders? ye're awfu' weel lickit up, ye are; I never saw ye lookin' sae handsome. What is't ye're after?" "I'm gaun aboot seekin' a wife!" "Eh, Saunders, if it's that ye want, ye needna want that very lang. I'm thinkin'." "But ye dinna seem to understand me; it's you I want for my wife." "Saunders M'Glashan! think shame o' yersel', makin' a fool o' a young person in that manner." "I'm makin' nae fool o' ye, Janet. This very day I'm determined to hae a wife. You are the first that I've spoken till. I houp there's nae offence, Janet. I meant no offence. Eh! oh, very weel, if that's the way o't, it canna be helped," and slowly unfolding the paper which he had taken from his waistcoat pocket, "I have several other women's names markit down here tae ca' upon."

She saw the man meant business, stopped her spinning, looked down, was long lost in thought, raised her face, and broke the silence as follows, "Saunders (ahem) M'Glashan (ahem), I've given your serious offer great reflection; I've spoken to my heart, and the answer's come back to my tongue. I'm sorry tae hurt yer feelins' Saunders, but what the heart speaketh the tongue repeateth. A body maun act in thae matters according to their conscience, for they maun gie an account at the last. So I think, Saunders,—I think I'll just—I'll just"—covering her face with her apron—"I'll just *tak'* ye. Eh, Saunders, gae' 'wa' wi' ye!—gae 'wa'! gae 'wa'!" But the maiden did not require to resist, for he made no attack, but solemnly said, "I'm rale muckle obleeged to ye, Janet: it'll no be necessary to ca' on ony o' thae ither lassies noo!" He rose, thinking it was all over, and turned towards the door, but the maiden was there first, with her back at the door, and said, "Preserve me! what have I dune? If my neighbours come tae ken that I've ta'en you at the very first offer, they'll point the finger of scorn at me, and say ahint my back as lang as I live, 'that woman was deein' for a man': so ye maun come here every day for the next month, and come in day licht, so that they'll a' see ye comin' an' gaun' and they'll say, 'that woman's no easy coortit I can tell ye; the puir man's wearin' his shoon aff his feet!' For, Saunders! though I'll be your wife, Saunders, I'm determined to hae my dues o' courtship a'

the same." She lit the lamp of love in his heart at last. For the first time in his long life he felt the unmistakable, holy, heavenly glow; his heart broke into a full storm of love, and stooping down he took her yielding hand in his and said, "Yes I wull, yes I wull! I'll come twice every day, my Jo! my Jo—Janet!" Before the unhappy man knew where he was, he had kissed the maiden!—who was long expecting it; but the man blushed crimson, feeling guilty of a crime which he thought no woman could forgive, for it was the first kiss he had gotten or given in fifty lang Scottish kissless years—while the woman stood with a look of supreme satisfaction, looking for more, but as no more seemed coming—for a woman can see a kiss a long way off—she lifted the corner of her apron and dichted her moo, and said to him as she dichted her moo, "Eh, Saunders M'Glashan! isna that rale refreshin'!"

—David Kennedy.

LUKE

WOT'S that ye're readin'? a novel? a novel! wall bless my skin!
You, a grown man, an' bearded an' h'istin such stuff as that in!
Stuff about gals, an' their sweethearts—no wonder ye're thin as a knife!
Look at me! Clar two hundred an' never read in my life.
Thet's my opinion o' novels, an' as for their lyin' round here,
They belonged to the Jedge's daughter, the Jedge that came up one year,
On account o' his lungs an' the mountains, an' the balsam o' pine an' fir,
An' his daughter, wall she read novels an' that's what's the matter with her.
Speakin' o' gals—d'ye mind that house as ye rise the hill,
A mile an' a half from White's, an' jist above Matlingby's Mill?
Ye do? Wall now thar's a gal! what, ye saw her? Ah! come now thar quit!
She wuz only jest foolin' you boys, fer to me she don't cotton one bit!
Now she's wot I calls—a gal! as pretty an' plump as a quail,

With teeth as white as a hound's, thet could bite through a tenpenny nail,
Eyes that can snap like a cap, so she aked to know whar I wuz hid?
She did? Ha, Ha! thet jest like her sass, she's as peart as a Katy-did!
But wot wuz I talkin' about? Oh, the Jedge an' his darter, well she read
Novels the whole day long, an' I reckon she read 'em abed;
An' sometimes she'd read 'em out loud to the Jedge on the porch where he sat,
An' 'twas how "Lord Augustus" said this, an' how "Lady Blanche" she said that.
An' she ast me to hear but I says "not any for me!"
Good enough maybe for some, but that chap and I mightn't agree
Yet, somehow or other, she always wuz sayin' I put her in mind
"Of folks of whom she had read," or somethin' belike of that kind.
An' thar wuzn't no end to the names she gave me, thet summer up here,
Robin Hood, Leather-Stockin'; Rob Roy! Ho—Ho! I tell ye the critter wuz queer;
An' yet if she hadn't been spiled, she wuz harmless enough in her way,
She could jabber in French to her dad, an' they said that she knew how to play.

An' she worked me that shot pouch up thar, which the man doesn't live as can use,
An' slippers—ye see them down thar, as would cradle an Indian's papoose!
Yet all along o' them novels, ye see, she wuz mopin' an' wastin' away,
An' then she got shy with her tongue an' she hadn't a word to say.
An' wherever I happened around, her face, it was hid by a book,
An' it warn't until she left, she gave me as much as a look.
An' this is the way it wus: one night I had come up here
To say to 'em all good-bye for I reckoned to go for deer.
At sun-up the day they left, so I shook 'em all by the hand,
'Cept Mabel, and she wuz sick, as they gave me to understand
But just as I riz the hill next mornin' at dawn, someone
Like a little waver o' mist, came up the hill with the sun.
Miss Mabel it was all alone, all wrapped in a mantle o' lace,
An' she stood right thar in the path, with a touch o' the sun on her face;
An' she looked me right in the eye, I'd seen something like it afore

When I'd hunted a wounded doe to the edge of the Clair lake—shore,
An' I hed my knee on its neck an' jist wuz raisin' my knife,
When it gave me a look like that, an'—well, it got off with it's life.
"We're going to-day," she said, "and I thought I would say good-bye
To you, in your own house, Luke, these woods and the bright blue sky.
You've always been kind to us, Luke, and papa has found you still,
As good as the air he breathed and as wholesome as laurel-tree hill.
And we'll always think of you, Luke, as the thing we could not take away,
The balsam that lives in the woods, the rainbow that dwells in the spray
And you'll sometimes think of me, Luke, as you know you used to say
As rifle,—smoke blown through the woods a moment but never to stay."
Then we shook hands and she turned but a sudden, she tottered and fell
And I caught her sharp by the waist and held her a minute,—well,
It was only a minute, you know, then as cold and white she lay,
As a snow-flake here on my breast and then—well she melted away

LUKE

And was gone! And thar are her books but I say—
not any for me
Good enough maybe for some, but them and I wouldn't
agree
They spiled a decent gal, as might 'a made some chap
a wife,
An' look at me, clar two hundred, an' never read one
in my life.

—Bret Harte.

LONDON FROM THE TOP OF AN OMNIBUS

AS new-comers to the great city, we had gone the usual rounds of the tourist and had done the "lions" till we had grown weary of their roaring. Historical facts and dates had jumbled themselves in endless confusion in our minds, the literary landmarks of London had marked themselves in countless wrinkles on our brows, till at last, with a sense of duty done, we determined to have a good time and go henceforth where fancy led.

"You have never seen the lights of London from the top of an omnibus," prompted our mentor in the twilight hour.

"If we have to be instructed regarding the 'lights,' when they were invented, how many millions there are, their height, depth and everlasting strength, I'm not going," murmured one fair rebel. "I'm so stuffed with facts now that I haven't room for sentiment towards anything."

"You'll have nothing to do," said the mentor severely, "but sit on a bus and look in empty-headed wonder at the lights twinkling."

It sounded inviting, especially the "empty-headed" idea; so, while the lights were still starting into life we sallied forth to take a series of busses round the city. We had gone the route of two, revelling in the

fairy land of dazzling lights and were discussing the course of our next bus, when we were hailed by a big, burly, good-natured looking driver, who shouted "This w'y laidies, this w'y! this is the bus for the ladies."

We ascertained that this really was the next bus in order and mounted. The driver was tossing off a glass of ale, the customary refreshment at the end of a route, and remarked apologetically as he drained the glass, "I'm just a waterin' of the 'osses, ladies."

Finding him something of a character we endeavoured to draw him out a little.

"What church is this, driver?" asked the empty headed reveller, not knowing that she was striking another historical mark.

"Ow, that's aold Baow Street Church, Miss, you knaow, Dick W'ittin'ton's church. You remember the old taile of Dick W'ittin'ton?"

" 'Whittington and his Cat' you mean?"

"The very saime! Well them's the aold Baow bells that rang out 'Turn agine W'ittin'ton Lord Mayor o' London.' You remember that aold taile? Well, Miss, I come to Lunnon just like Dick W'ittin'ton when I were only a bit o' a lad. I didn't knaow a saowl in Lunnon. I 'adn't a saowl 'ere to give me a penny, but I got a job, and I started to work, and I maide a little money and I saived a little money and I've got a little money naow, and I ham what I ham to-day by my hown hefforts."

"Grand to be a self made man!" nodded Empty-Head approvingly.

"Yes, w'en yer well maide," he agreed complacently.

"Naow we're comin' to a fine buildin', Miss."

"What's that?"

"New gaite, New gaite Prison." Here the ugly black wall loomed up before us.

"You get the best view of it from this soide,—ahem! This is aoutside. You see that second gaite, Miss?"

"That big black gate?"

"That very saime. Well, that's where they use to do all the public 'angin's. Aow many a fine 'angin' I've seen 'ere. W'y I've seen the people come up 'ere at six o'clock of a Sunday evenin' and stand a scrudgin' and a pushin' of each other the aowle night through, just for to see a 'angin' in the Mawnin'. Last man I saw 'anged 'ere," he mused in a reminiscent tone, "was Mawdent, you remember Mawdant?" Empty-Head had grown inattentive and murmured, "Oh, yes, I remember Mordaunt."

"That was thirty-six years ago," he answered glancing at her youthful face, while a peal of laughter greeted the date of the execution.

"Ow, I never see such a fine 'angin' in h'all my laife. They don't do no public 'angin's nowad'ys, they don't allow the public nao more pleasures than they can 'elp."

"What in the world did people want to go to see such ghastly sights for?"

"Ghawstly? nothing ghawstly abaht it. You see the man go up and then you see him come dahn, naow you see 'im and naow you daon't."

But just at this point it was time for us to come "dahn." As we descended, Empty-Head crossed his palm with a coin and we heard him exclaim with great satisfaction, "One bob! Now she's wot I calls a laidy."

—Jessie Alexander.

SONG IN CAMP

"GIVE us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan with silent scoff
Lay grim and threatening under
While the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer blelched it's thunder.

There was a pause—a guards man said
"We storm the forts to-morrow
Sing, while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

[Here a chorus or quartette may hum softly the air of Annie Laurie, faster than usual tempo, keeping time with the rhythm of the reader through five stanzas, alternating verse—refrain, verse—refrain. Then repeat refrain.]

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon,
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love and not of fame,
Forgot was Britain's glory,
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

SONG IN CAMP

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion,
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl! her name he dared not speak,
But as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean, burned,
The sunset's bloody embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers!

. . . . . .

And once again, a fire of Hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars.

And Irish Norah's eyes are dim,
For a singer dumb and gory,
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

. . . . . .

Sleep soldiers! Still in honored rest
Thy truth and valor wearing,
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are—the daring.

—Bayard Taylor.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON IN A PRIMARY SCHOOL

IT is customary in many of our Public Schools to devote part of one afternoon every week to recitations and songs by the children. I have endeavoured in this sketch to give a representation of one of these Friday afternoon concerts in a Primary Class.

The opening Kindergarten song has been sung by the class, with lusty voice and vigorous gesture, you know the song, it goes this way:—

(Sing vigorously, childishly and with literal gestures—in fact, hear a class of small children sing it, and imitate directly from life, if you would do this effectively.)

"O mother how pretty the moon looks to-night,
'Twas never so cunning before,
It's two little horns are so sharp and so bright,
I hope they won't grow any more."—and so on.

Then little Tommy Jones is called up for a recitation.

(Tommy rushes forward, gives a staccato bob of the head in lieu of a bow and recites with a lisp)—

WHEN PAW WAS A BOY.

I wisht 'at I'd of been here when
My paw was a boy;

They must of been excitement then—
When my paw was a boy;
In school he always took the prize,
He used to lick boys twice his size—
I bet folks all had bulgin' eyes
When my paw was a boy.

They was a lot of wonders done
When my paw was a boy;
How granpa must have loved his son,
When my paw was a boy;
He'd git the coal and chop the wood,
And think up every way he could
To always jist be sweet and good—
When my paw was a boy.

Then everything was in its place,
When my paw was a boy;
How he could rassle, jump, and race,
When my paw was a boy!
He never, never disobeyed;
He beat in every game he played—
Gee! What a record they was made!
He ought to have stayed a boy!

(Tommy gives another staccato bow and runs off.)

On this particular Friday afternoon as a special treat, a Star Reciter from Part 2 is invited down to give a recitation, and she is now called upon—

Miss Nana Nunn: (Miss Nana makes two conven-

tional bows, first to right, then to left. Then, after clearing her throat, smoothing down her dress, brushing her hair back from her neck and making many affected little preparations, she recites with elaborate gestures)—

Little Ah Sid
Was a Chinese kid,
A cute little chap you'd declare,
With eyes full of fun,
And a nose that begun
Right up in the roots of his hair.

Jolly and fat
Was the frolicsome brat,
As he played through the long summer day,
And braided his queue
As his father used to,
In China land far, far away.

Once o'er a lawn,
That Ah Sid played upon,
A bumblebee flew in the Spring,
"Oo' Mellican buttle-fly;"
Cried he with winking eye,
"Me catchee and pull off'um wing."

Then with his cap
He struck it a rap,
That innocent bumblebee,
And put its remains

Down into his jeans,
For a pocket had there the Chinee.

Down on the green
Sat the little sardine,
With a smile that was strangely demure,
And said with a grin,
That was brimful of sin,
"Me mashee um buttle-fly, sure."

Little Ah Sid
Was only a kid,
Nor could you expect him to guess
What kind of a bug
He was holding so snug
In the folds of his loose-fitting dress.

"Ki, yi, Kip-ye"
Ah Sid cried, as he
Rose hurriedly up from the spot,
"Ki,-yi, Yuka-kan
Ki-yi, Mellican man
Um buttle-fly velly much hot."

(The young lady gives her two best bows again and retires in triumph amidst storms of juvenile applause.)

"Please," calls out a little girl, snapping her fingers to call the attention of the teacher. "Please, my little sister can't say a piece but she can sing." The little sister is a four-year-older, who is visiting the class on Friday afternoon. "Very well, Edna, we should like

to hear her; will you give us your little song now, Marjory?"

"I don't like to," lisps Marjory with her finger in her mouth. "Come on, Marge," her elder sister urges, "I'll go up to the platform with you and I'll start it for you if you will."

So Marjory is persuaded to mount the platform.

"Make your bow," Edna prompts, prodding the timid debutante, then starts it for her:

"'I hear the sound'—'Go on!'" but *no sound* is heard from Marjorie.

"I hear the sound," repeats big sister, but still no echo comes.

"Go on," she says in an agonized undertone. "Bringing me up to the platform, then making a goose of me like this. Now, I'll just start it once more" (very emphatically).

"I hear the sound." (And at last she does 'hear the sound,' for Marjory pipes out in a thin little voice):

"I hear the thound of the poth-manth feet,
Ath he quickly walkth along the threet.
Hith handth are full and hith letter-bag too,
I hope they'th a letter for me and for you.
Ting-a-ling-a-ling, ting-a-ling-a-ling,
Thereth nothing half tho jolly ath the poth-manth ring.

Up to the letter-box the poth-man walkth
And with care each letter in hith bag, he dropth,

One for you and a paper for me,
And now I mutht be off, for I've work to do.
Ting-a-ling-a-ling, ting-a-ling-a-ling,
Thereth nothing half tho jolly ath the poth-manth ring."

(Marjorie toddles off, smiling broadly and with her finger in her mouth.)

Just at this point in the proceedings, an older boy, who for some misdemeanor, had been sent down to the "baby" class, by way of punishment, sniffs contemptuously and mutters something about "baby-pieces—Humph!"

"Well, George," remarks the teacher sarcastically, "if you can do so much better than the little ones, we should like to hear you: I don't believe you know a recitation."

"Yes I do," he answers defiantly, "I know a piece about wars and battles and flags and things."

"Oh! very well then, let us hear it."

The "Smarty" clods up to the platform, makes an awkward bow and announces in thunderous tones "Barbara Freitchie."

[Here I can simply suggest by notes, the literal and awkward gestures of the boy. Dramatic instinct and a study of the methods (?) of the half-grown boy, alone can guide the reciter in the imitation of tone, phrasing, etc.]

"Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

IN A PRIMARY SCHOOL

The clustered spires (1) of Frederic stand,
Geenwalled by the hills of Maryland.
Round about them, orchards sweep (2)
Apple and pear-tree fruited deep,
Fair as the garden of the Lord,
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde.
On that pleasant morn, in the early Fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain wall (3)
Over the mountain, winding down (4)
Horse and foot into Frederic town.
Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapped in the morning breeze (5).
The sun of noon looked down (6)
And saw not one (7).
Uprose old Barbara Freitchie, then
Bowed (8) with her four-score years and ten (9)
Bravest of all in Frederic town,
She picked up (10) the flag the men hauled down (11).
In her attic window the staff she set, (12)
To show that one heart (13) was loyal yet.
Up the street came the rebel tread, (14)
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead,
Under his slouched hat, left and right (15)
He glanced—the old flag met his sight.
'Halt!' the dust-brown ranks stood fast (16)
'Fire!' out, out blazed the rifle-blast (17)

It shivered the window-pane and sash (18)
It rent the banner with seam and gash (19)
Quick as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf,
She leaned far out on the window sill (20)
An' shook it forth with a royal will" (21)

. . . . . .

"An' shook it forth with a royal will" (22)

. . . . . .

"An' shook it forth with a royal will."

After convulsive twitchings of the face and agonies of mind in trying to remember, he beats an ignominious retreat, but at the last moment recalls the last two lines and shouts them defiantly if somewhat tearfully, at grinning auditors.

"And ever thy stars above, look down
On thy stars below in Frederic town."

(1) Perfectly straight poker-like gesture upward.
(2) Sweep as with a broom.
(3) Point downward with wrist curved
(4) Wind a hand-organ.
(5) Shake as if shaking a rug with both hands.
(6) Stoop and look down.
(7) Hold up index finger.
(8) Bow.
(9) Hold up fingers of two hands.
(10) Stoop and clutch with fingers.
(11) Action of pulling down.
(12) Poker-like action, straight out from body.
(13) Search for heart right, left, right.
(14) Stamp three or four times.
(15) Glance with hand over eyes.

(16) Stamp.
(17) Stamp.
(18) Hands at sash or waistline.
(19) After this out-burst all of which has been shouted rapidly and with energy, gasp several times, wipe perspiration.
(20) Lean over.
(21-22) Shake vigorously.

[The success of this selection depends entirely on the faithful imitation of childrens' voices and gestures. Whitcomb Riley's poem "When Little Dicky Swope's a Man" may be substituted for the first recitation on any suitable verses introduced.]

—Jessie Alexander.

THE BLARNEY

A LAKE-SIDE dweller, young and fair,
The sweetest little maid in Kerry,
With blue-grey eyes and blue-black hair
And lips as red as any cherry,
No shoe or stocking to her name—
This was but simple Katy Brady,
And yet, a lord from England came,
Imploring her to be his lady.
She had another worshipper,
The bouldest bhoy about Killarney,
With only love to offer her,
A little cabin and the blarney.
She favoured him with many a glance
Until "My Lord" came on the tapis,
She smiled on him at wake and dance
And Paddy, as a King, was happy.
The lord was just a trifle glum,
The model of an English lover,
"But sure, if he'd been deaf and dumb
His jingling gold could talk one over!"
"In silks and satins you shall dress
And I will give you jewels," said he
"To twine in every glossy tress
Sweet, Kate, if you will be 'My Lady?'"
"Och! but them words were iloquent,"

Poor Katy was no more than human
And very fond of ornament,
Like any reasonable woman.
"'Tis thrue, Pat coorts me best," thought she,
"But still, though with the talk he's ready,
Arrah: let folks say what they will,
'Tis mighty fine to be My Lady."
And so, she wouldn't look at Pat,
In vain he watched for her and sought her,
Until one evening, when he sat
Just flinging pebbles in the water,
His downcast face and heavy sigh
Might have moved even stones to pity,
While she passed gaily tripping by
His worse than stony-hearted Kitty.
She tried to pass, I mean, as cool
As any cucumber or melon;
But, though in love Pat was no fool,
He sprang to meet his truant Helen.
She would not take his outstretched hand;
"And is it you, Miss Katy Brady,"
Said he, "That's got so stiff and grand,
Good morrow to ye then, My Lady."
"But Kate agra! Now stop and spake,
If but to tell me what's come o'er ye,
Or is it that yer eyes an' wake
And ye can't see me here before ye?"
"Och! sure Allannah! Ye've no call
To murther people at yer pleasure,

For I can't live at all, at all,
Widout ye're purty silf me treasure.
That Englisher has wealth galore,
A rint roll longer than me arrum,
Why should he shtale from me asthore
That niver did him any harrum?
Just give me something he's not got
Och that's yer own thrue heart, me honey,
Sure thin, I wudn't change me lot
Wid him—for all his piles of money."
And what is little Kate to do?
She laughs and frowns and sobs and blushes,
"Ach, Pat!" I give it up to you,
Ye'd charm a bird from off the bushes,
Well! just to save yer life, Machree,
An' not because I care about ye,
"I'll think it over," so said she,
"But I could live—an' throive widout ye."
And now to tell his lordship of it,
No wonder if he's rather crusty,
But little Kate has Irish wit
That's never suffered to grow rusty.
"Sure, if yer Honor I refuse
It's well for ye! Och, botheration!
Whin it's yersilf can pick an' choose
From all the grandeur of the nation.
An' I would look a howly show
Dressed in the beautifullest bonnet,
Even if all the flowers that grow

An' feathers too, were stuck upon it.
An' in a sthreelin' satin gown,
I'd still be only Katy Brady.
An' sure if I'd the King's goold crown
Twouldn't make me a rale lady."
At first, his lordship felt the cross,
Being unaccustomed to rejection,
But, thinking "it's the girl's own loss,"
Found comfort in that wise reflection;
And ere he left our Island green,
He saw a wedding at Killarney
And drank in genuine potheen,
"Success for ever to 'The Blarney.' "

THE COMING O' THE BAG PIPES

THRILLED ye ever with the story,
How on stricken fields of glory,
Men have stood beneath the murderous iron hail,
Closing up, with words unspoken,
When their ranks were rent and broken,
Meeting death with set teeth and foreheads pale?
Has your blood run cold and colder,
As they shoulder stood to shoulder,
Looking long for the coming of their aid?
Forgetting creeds and races,
Have the tears run down your faces,
When the banner of their succor was displayed?

Have you seen the gaze so eager,
In some long and deadly leaguer,
Cast abroad for the coming of relief;
When the walls in heaps were lying,
And the starving men were dying,
And the women drooped in horror and in grief?
Have your hearts their march been humming
When the joyful cry "They're coming!"
Lighted up every grimed and pallid brow?
Then, oh then, your eyes have glistened,
And your hearts leaped, as you listened
To the Coming o' the Bag-pipes to Lucknow.

For the walls in heaps were crumbled,
And the cannon roared and rumbled,
That were eating them with iron teeth away,
Hunger's gnawing pang grew stronger,
Human strength could stand no longer,
Clutched the butcher already for his prey.
Twenty times by foes outnumbered,
With their helpless sick encumbered,
Leagues away were our heroes struggling on;
They would come and wreak above us,
Vengeance due from those that love us,
They would come, but Lucknow would be gone!

Still while life and reason lasted,
Though all broken, sick and wasted,
Stood our heroes unshrinking at their posts,
Still, like clouds of black disaster,
Swarming closer, coming faster,
Pressed onward to our doom, the rebel hosts,
Oh, could we so be given
While there dwelt one bolt in heaven
To the red feast of rapine and of blood?
Was a story thus appalling
"All with perished Lucknow fallen!"
To be told to our friends beyond the flood?

Moaning that my lot was woman,
Shrinking from the fiends inhuman,
Who ere long would make ribald jests at me,
In the sultry noon-tide sinking,
Coolness from the bare earth drinking,

THE COMING O' THE BAG PIPES

I watched poor Jessie dreaming at my knee;
Thick her brain with burning fever,
That I knew would never leave her,
Till the death shade should thicken o'er her eye;
I heard her murmuring lowly,
Of the old home lost and holy,
"Bonnie Scotland, her mountains and her skies."

She heard the sweet burn singing,
She saw the blue bell springing
She was tripping by the brig and by the bield,
And she told me in her slumber,
She had something to remember,
When her feyther came from ploughing in the field.
Hark! a wild cry! was she dying,
From her place beside me flying?
It must be her death struggle and she raved:
"Hark, the bag-pipes! How they're humming."
"Dinna ye hear 'The Campbells coming?'
'Tis the slogan o' the Highlands! We are saved!"

"No, O No! the cannon's thunder,
And the sapper's mining under,
Nothing more, my poor Jessie, in the air."
And the heart, one moment lightened,
Back again fell, strained and frightened,
Back again to its terrible despair.
And again beside me kneeling,
Losing strength and life and feeling,
Poor Jessie, for a moment sank to die.
But a moment! Then upspringing,

THE COMING O' THE BAG PIPES

From her lips the words came ringing
Louder yet, and the soldiers caught the cry.

["Campbells Are Coming" may be played on bag-pipes or piano or by orchestra.]

"Am I dreamin'?" "Na, nae dreamin'!
'Tis the Scottish eagle screamin',
'Tis the slogan o' MacGregor shrill and clear,
Cheer ye soldiers, loud and louder,
Let them know we yet have powder,
We are saved, the Highlanders are here!"
And we heard indeed, the humming,
Over all the cannon booming,
And it widened and it deepened in its peal,
Till we stopped no more to listen,
As we caught the joyful glisten
Of the sun on the lines of British steel.

Oh! the shout that then was given!
But the sounds that rose to heaven
Were not all for our rescue or our right,
She was there, whose ear unaltered
Though all others failed and faltered,
Heard the slogan o' the Scot o'er the fight.
Many a year will dull and darken
Eyes that smile and ears that hearken
The sod will be cold on many a brow,
Ere the world shall lose the story
Of that gleam of Britain's glory,
The coming o' the bag-pipes to Lucknow.

—MORFORD.

SATURDAY AND SUNDAY

IT is extremely difficult for the grown-up to draw a taut line between things secular and sacred, between Saturday and Sunday, and how much harder for the tiny tot to whose mind all things are sacred.

The small imaginative niece was worrying over the dolly who had suddenly grown unmanageable. "Aunt Dassie, my dolly's twyin', an' I tan't find out what's the matter wis 'er."

"Perhaps she's sleepy, Dit," I suggested, "that sounds like a sleepy cry. Sit down in the rocking chair and sing a little hymn or song to her." Perhaps the phrase "hymn or song" confused her childish mind, for sitting down with the sweetest look of motherly concern on her little face, she began to sing:

"Baby bye here's a fly,
Let us watch him
You and I—For de Bible tells me so!"

An older child in the same household experienced the same difficulty in discriminating between everyday and Sunday rhymes.

She had been going to kindergarten, was very proud of her singing and gymnastic acquirements, and treated her family to frequent exhibitions of up-and-down, left-and-right arm movements to the accompaniment of the ditty:

"Twenty froggies went to school,
Down beside a rushy pool,
Twenty little coats of green
Twenty vests all white and clean."

One Sunday, Marjorie had been taken to a real old fashioned Presbyterian church that had just lately adopted hymns. The minister gave out the hymn, "Songs of praise the angels sang," and the organ pealed out the sacred air. I looked at Marjorie and her face was beaming. She had recognized in the tune an old friend! But imagine my dismay when the congregation started the first line to see two little arms pop out like wind-mills and to hear a childish treble piping above all the other voices:

"Twen-ty frog-gies went to school,"

I promptly clapped my hand over her mouth, but you can imagine the effect!

—Jessie Alexander.

A SOUTHERN LULLABY

MAMMY'S cullu'd baby sweet,
Close yo' eye, hushaby,
Kiss yo' hands an' kiss yo' feet,
Hushaby, close yo' eye!
Niggah's fat an' white folks skinny,
Angels roun' in Ole Virginny,
Watchin' mammy's pickaninny.
Hushaby, close yo' eye!

Kinky hair an' shiny face,
Hushaby, close yo' eye!
No white baby take yo' place,
Close yo' eye, hushaby!
Mammy's glad you is a niggah!
Wouldn't change yo' bressed figgah
'Cep' to have you grow up biggah.
Hushaby, close yo' eye!

You was bawn down in de Souf,
Hushaby, close yo' eye!
Wid dat watahmelon mouf.
Close yo' eye, hushaby!
Possum tink it drefful funny
You can't eat him, by'n bye sonny,
Git yo' possum teef ma honey.
Hushaby, close yo' eye!

A SOUTHERN LULLABY

You done keep yo' brack eyes shet!
Hushaby, close yo' eye!
Else you see whut you done get
Close yo' eye, hushaby!
What you want you bressed sinnah?
Had yo' breakfast, suppah, dinnah,
Want too much for young beginnah!
Hushaby, close yo' eye!

Up an' down on mammy's knee you teetah,
A' cooin' in yo' precious baby way,
Yo' mammy keepin' time unto de metah
While thoo de do' you heah de bango play.
Musn't mind dat nassy buzzin' skeetah
Mammy's goin' to bresh away dat fly,
Dey bites de baby, cos dey knows he's sweetah
Close yo' eye, hushaby!

—By Fred Emerson Brooks.

SHIPWRECKED

From the French of Francois Coppce.

'TIS sixty years ago this very day
Since I first went to sea; on board, you know,
Of La Belle Honorine,—lost long ago,—
An old three-masted tub, rotten almost,
Just fit to burn, bound for the Guinea coast.
We set all sail. The breeze was fair and stiff.
My boyhood had been passed 'neath yonder cliff,
Where an old man—my uncle, so he said—
Kept me at prawning for my daily bread.
At night he came home drunk. Such kicks and blows
Ah me! what children suffer no man knows!
But once at sea 'twas ten times worse, I found.
I learned to take, to bear, and make no sound.

First place, our ship was in the negro trade,
And once off land, no vain attempts were made
At secrecy. Our captain after that
(Round as an egg) was liberal of the cat.
The rope's-end, cuffs, kicks, blows, all fell on me;
I was ship's boy—'twas natural, you see—
And as I went about the decks, my arm
Was always raised to fend my face from harm.
No man had pity. Blows and stripes always,
For sailors knew no better in those days
Than to thrash boys, till those who lived, at last

SHIPWRECKED

As able seamen shipped before the mast.
I ceased to cry. Tears brought me no relief,
I think I might have perished of mute grief,
Had not God sent a friend—a friend—to me.
Sailors believe in God—one must at sea.
On board that ship a God of mercy then
Had placed a dog among those cruel men.
Like me, he shunned their brutal kicks and blows.
We soon grew friends, fast friends, true friends, God knows!
He was Newfoundland. Black, they called him there.
His eyes were golden brown, and black his hair.
He was my shadow from that blessed night
When we made friends; and by the star's half light,
When all the forecastle was fast asleep,
And our men "caulked their watch," I used to creep
With Black among some boxes stowed on deck,
And with my arms clasped tightly round his neck,
I used to cry and cry, and press my head
Close to the heart grieved by the tears I shed.
Night after night I mourned our piteous case,
While Black's large tongue licked my poor tear-stained face.

Poor Black! I think of him so often still!
At first we had fair winds our sails to fill,
But one hot night, when all was calm and mute,
Our skipper—a good sailor, though a brute—
Gave a long look over the vessel's side,
Then to the steersman whispered, half aside,

SHIPWRECKED

"See that ox-eye out yonder? It looks queer."
The man replied, "That storm will soon be here."
"Hullo! All hands on deck! We'll be prepared.
Stow royals! Reef the courses! Pass the word!"
Vain! The squall broke ere we could shorten sail;
We lowered the topsails, but the raging gale
Spun our old ship about. The Captain roared
His orders—lost in the great noise on board.
The devil was in that squall! But all men could
To save their ship we did. Do what we would,
The gale grew worse and worse. She sprang aleak;
Her hold filled fast. We found we had to seek
Some way to save our lives. "Lower a boat!"
The Captain shouted. Before one could float
Our ship broached to. The strain had broke her back.
Like a whole broadside boomed the awful crack.
She settled fast.

Landsmen can have no notion
Of how it feels to sink beneath the ocean.
As the blue billows closed above our deck,
And with slow motion swallowed down the wreck,
I saw my past life, by some flash outspread,
Saw the old port, its ships, its old pier-head,
My own bare feet, the rocks, the sandy shore—
Salt-water filled my mouth—I saw no more.

I did not struggle much—I could not swim.
I sank down deep, it seemed—drowned but for him—
For Black, I mean, who seized my jacket tight,
And dragged me out of darkness back to light.

SHIPWRECKED

The ship was gone—the captain's gig afloat;
By one brave tug he brought me near the boat.
I seized the gunwale, sprang on board, and drew
My friend in after me. Of all our crew,
The dog and I alone survived the gale:
Afloat with neither rudder, oars, nor sail!
Boy though I was, my heart was brave and stout,
Yet when the storm had blown its fury out,
I saw—with who can tell what wild emotion!—
That if we met no vessel in mid-ocean,
There was no help for us—all was gone:
We were afloat—boy, dog—afloat alone!
We had been saved from drowning but to die
Of thirst and hunger—my poor Black and I.
No biscuit in the well-swept locker lay;
No keg of water had been stowed away,
Like those on the Medusa's raft. I thought . . .
Bah! that's enough A story is best short.

For five long nights, and longer dreadful days,
We floated onward in a tropic haze.
Fierce hunger gnawed us with its cruel fangs,
And mental anguish with its keener pangs.
Each morn I hoped; each night, when hope was gone,
My poor dog licked me with his tender tongue.
Under the blazing sun and star-lit night
I watched in vain. No sail appeared in sight.
Round us the blue spread wider, bluer, higher.
The fifth day my parched throat was all on fire,
When something suddenly my notice caught—

SHIPWRECKED

Black, crouching, shivering, underneath, athwart.
He looked—his dreadful look no tongue can tell—
And his kind eyes glared at me like coals of hell!
"Here, Black! old fellow! here!" I cried in vain.
He looked me in the face and crouched again.
I rose; he snarled, drew back. How piteously
His eyes entreated help. He snapped at me!
"What can this mean?" I cried, yet shook with fear,
With that great shudder felt when death is near.
Black seized the gunwale with his teeth. I saw
Thick slimy foam drip from his awful jaw;
Then I knew all! Five days of tropic heat,
Without one drop of drink, one scrap of meat,
Had made him rabid. He whose courage had
Preserved my life—my messmate, friend—was mad!
You understand? Can you see him and me,
The open boat tossed on a brassy sea,
A child and a wild beast on board alone,
While overhead streams down the tropic sun
And the boy crouching, trembling for his life?

I searched my pockets and I drew my knife—
For every one instinctively, you know,
Defends his life. 'Twas time that I did so,
For at that moment, with a furious bound,
The dog flew at me. I sprang around.
He missed me in blind haste. With all my might
I seized his neck, and grasped, and held him tight.
I felt him writhe and try to bite, as he
Struggled beneath the pressure of my knee.

SHIPWRECKED

His red eyes rolled; sighs heaved his shining coat.
I plunged my knife three times in his poor throat.

And so I killed my friend. I had but one!
What matters how, after that deed was done,
They picked me up half dead, drenched in his gore,
And took me back to France? . .
. . . . Need I say more?
I have killed men—ay, many—in my day,
Without remorse—for sailors must obey.
One of a squad, once in Barbadoes, I
Shot my own comrade when condemned to die.
I never dream of him, for that was war.
Under old Magon, too, at Trafalgar,
I hacked the hands of English boarders. Ten
My axe lopped off. I dream not of those men
But yet even now
The death of Black, although so long ago,
Upsets me. I'll not sleep to-night. It brings . . .

Here, boy! Another glass! We'll talk of other things!

A SCOTCH SERMON

(This is supposed to be a sample of old-time pulpit oratory in which the eloquence of the preacher consisted chiefly in the energy with which he pounded the pulpit. In this case, the hammer falls periodically on the words, "a' the same.")

"MA dear freens! You will find the subject of ma discoorse the day, in the Book of Job, in the worrds, 'And Job walkit circumspectly.' Ay! 'Job walkit saircumspectly.' Ahem-m-m.

Noo, ma freens, before proceeding to elaborate the various heids of this discoorse, alloo me to point oot tae ye, tae demonstrate tae ye, the meaning o' the worrd 'saircumspectly' by means o' a fameelyar illustr-ration. Ahem-m-m!

Noo, ma freens, ye a' ken what a gairden is. Weel it disna maitter whether its a flooer gairden or a fruit gairden, or a cabbage gairden, it's a GAIRDEN, a' the same! Ahem-m-m!

Noo, ma freens, whit dis a man dae wha's possessed o' sic a gairden, to prevent evil-disposed pairsons frae pluckin' his floo-ers, pu'in his fruit or tramplin' doon his cabbages? He builds a wa' roond it. Noo, it disna maitter whether its a stane wa' or a brick wa', or a wooden wa' it's a WA', a' the same! Ahem-m-m!

An' what dis he pit on tap o' the wa', but wee bits o' broken gless. Noo, ma freens, it disna maitter whether its auld whusky bottles or champagne bottles

or mere ordinary soda water bottles, it's BROKEN GLESS, a' the same!

Noo, ma freens, ye may ha'e obsirved in yer perambulations in the gloamin', thet wee bit beastie endowed wi' sae muckle prudence and caution, commonly ca'ed the cat! Noo, it disna maitter whether its a torty-shell cat, or a Maltese cat, or a Madagascar cat, or an Isle o' Man cat—(Ye ken the Isle o' Man cats ha'e nae tails) but, it's a CAT, a' the same! Ahem-m-m.

Well, ma freens, ye may hae seen this wee bit cat, walkin' along the top o' the wa', the wa' wi' the broken gless on't. The wa' that surrounds the gairden that contains the flooers, the fruit and the cabbages! Ahem-m-m!

Weel, ye may hae seen this wee bit cat nae doot intent on some midnicht carousal, puttin' it's wee bit taes cautiously in atwixt the bits o' broken gless an' advancin' slowly but steadily onward! Weel, ma freens, THAT CAT IS WALKIN' SAIRCUMSPECTLY!"

HOOLEY'S "WAN CHICK"

DOLLY Gayford was deep in the mysteries of mixing the Christmas pudding; Merindy McGubbin, the charwoman, was ironing. To those who have the pleasure of the latter's acquaintance, to add that she was also talking would be superfluous.

"Yes," said she, apropos of nothing, "children's the poor man's blessin' as the sayin' is. They're sometimes unwelcome when they come, but ut scalds the heart av ye to lose them wance they're here. Sure, 'tis meself knows that same, since so nearly losin' little Pat."

The slight, black-robed figure at the table started, and a stricken face turned towards the speaker. Had the woman FORGOTTEN, or was she utterly heartless that she prated of children—to her?

The flood of the McGubbin's eloquence rolled on and rolled ever, like the river in the song.

"After all, I don't know but what them as has lots contrives to scratch along as well as them as has less. There's mesilf, now, with me cool baker's dozen (an' me two years a widdy), but there's always a scrape in the pot for the hungriest av them, an' a cint or two put by for the little wan's stockin's at Chris'mas. An' there's me neighbours, the Hooleys with their wan chick Mary Jane, with the wan print dress till her

back, no mitts till her hands an' her jacket a rag; an' a look on the small face av her, that makes the mother in ye long to surprise her with a good square meal, an' the Irish in ye long to dimonstrate yer opinion av Tim Hooley on his shiftless drunken hide.

"Last week, Mary Jane come in from school with me little Merindy. 'Well, Mary,' says I, 'I s'pose you'll soon be hangin' up yer stockin' for Santa?' She looked up at me, an' the look in the two big eyes av her was the look av a woman who'd been wantin' things an' doin' without them an' not lettin' on all her life.

" 'He didn't call to our house last Chris'mas,' she says. 'I hanged up me stockin' an' there was nawthin' in it in the mornin'. But I'm prayin' till the blessed Jesus that he won't let me get forgotten this year. He was a child, wance Hisself,' says she, as ould-fashioned as ye plase, 'so p'r'aps He'll remember how dreadful ut feels to 'spect things an' not to get them when you're little.'

"Her lips were quiverin', but she clapped 'em tight shut an' went back till her play, hidin' the pain at her heart like a woman av forty. The blessed baby! An' her only five! For two cints I'd have stepped over an' give Tim Hooley me opinion av him. Och! may the divil fly away with him for his own Chris'mas box!

"Never mind, darlint' says I, 'P'r'aps auld Santa just disremembered yer address. Hang up yer stockin' again. Sure, he'll never go to forget such a good girl two Chri'mas's runnin'."

"The moment I'd spoke, I could have bit me fool tongue off for raisin' her hopes. For, from the way Hooley's carried on lately, if she got nawthin' last Chris'mas, she'll get less than nawthin' this; an' what with the hard winter, an' the doctor to pay for bringin' the twins through the measles. 'tis little I'll have fer me own chicks this Chris'mas, let alone motherin' a stranger.

"Och! when I think av Tim Hooley—the shack!"

The iron came down with a crash. For once, words failed even Merindy McGubbin.

"But this is dreadful!—I did not think that in the whole city there was a family too poor to afford SOME little thing for the children at Christmas."

"There's plinty such cases for them as cares to see."

"But a cheap picture-book, or a five cent doll," Dolly pleaded. "Surely if the father was ever so worthless the mother could have managed that."

"Five-cint dolls an' picture-books don't grow on berry-bushes. Besides which, five cints 'ud buy a loaf av bread; an' I never yet heard tell av sawdust-dolls satisfyin' the pangs av an empty stomach."

"Oh, why," cried Dolly sharply, "why are children sent to such misery as this, while—others——?"

She was but a childish undisciplined little creature, not always able to hide the pain at her heart "like a woman av forty," and she rushed from the kitchen in a tempest of tears.

Her heart was very full that Christmas Eve. A

year ago the house had echoed with the laughter and the dancing footsteps of a happy child. To-night that voice was hushed, the dancing feet were stilled, and the snow falling on a lonely little grave.

"Dear Lord!" she cried, "How AM I to live through to-morrow?"

. . . . .

When Tom Gayford came from the office that evening and Dolly was not at the door to meet him, the smile he had bravely conjured up for her sake, gave place to a care-worn expression.

Divining all too well where he should find her, he went straight to his dead child's room.

"Dolly, why do you torture yourself? Why come to this room to-night?"

The dead child's toys and clothes lay scattered around her. He gathered them up and would have put them from her sight, but she stopped him.

"She was not brooding over them," she told him, she was "going to give them away."

"To give them away!"

"Not the toys," she sobbed. "Not the toys that her little hands have touched; I could not part with them. But the clothes——Oh, Tom, I dare not keep them longer from the living children that need them this bitter night."

Then very brokenly and briefly, she told him of the child who had "hanged up her stockin' and found nawthin' in it in the morin'."

"It almost killed me to listen," she said, "yet I could not go away. All day I had worked, worked, worked that I might have less time to think of our last Christmas Eve and the stocking we filled together at bedtime. Oh, do you remember? Tom, DO YOU REMEMBER? Fancy telling that story to me! Why, for days I have fairly run past the stores lest the sight of some happy mother intent on her christmas shopping should break my heart."

"Oh, God! so have I," Tom cried hoarsely, and they clung together, two children weeping for the child that was gone.

. . . . .

Dolly, womanlike, was the first to recover herself.

"Poor boy! I have made you miserable; and I meant this evening to be so different. But the woman's story upset me. Oh," with a brave little laugh, "Tom, she's a queer old creature."

Now, Dolly (being a born mimic) suddenly transformed herself into a miniature Merindy McGubbin, standing with arms akimbo, her small perfect features twisted into a ridiculous likeness to the McGubbin's hard visage, winking McGubbinish winks, using her very expressions; "Och! Tim Hooley, the shack! May the divil fly away with him for his own Christmas Box!"

When the great fellow could speak for laughing, he called the astonished servant and despatched her to buy some toys.

. . . . .

HOOLEY'S "WAN CHICK"

The day after Christmas when the Gayfords were sitting at dinner the servant whispered to Dolly that Merindy was in the kitchen wishing to see her. "I told her you was engaged, ma'am," she added, "but she said she'd wait. I think she wants to thank you for the 'amper you sent her."

"Gratitude is too rare a virtue to be discouraged," said Tom, overhearing. "Send Mrs McGubbin up to us here."

Before Dolly could remonstrate further, the proprietor of the "cool baker's dozen" stood curtseying in the doorway.

"As I was passin' the door ma'am," she said, "I made bold to step in an' thank ye for the elegant turkey you sent me. Sure, 'tis a reg'lar widdy's cruise av oil av a bird; the more the children ates at it the plumper that turkey seems to grow. And the children's tickled to death with the toys."

"And how did your little neighbour fare?" asked Dolly, demurely. "Better than last year, I hope?"

"Who, Mary Jane? Och, 'tis that child has the ear av the blessed Virgin herself. The way her prayers was answered is somethin' amazin'. Chris'mas Eve after the children was asleep, I slipped over to Hooley's with a little pair av mitts I'd made for Mary Jane. Hooley was slouchin' by the fire half-drunk. Liz was nursin' a handsome black eye he give her for Chris'mas, and Mary Jane's bit stockin' was danglin' from a nail in the wall as empty as ye plase. Now,

I'm a peace-abidin' widdy an' wan ave few words, but the sight av that empty stockin' and Liz's meek bathered face sharpened me tongue fer wance, an' set ut waggin' at both ends, as the sayin' is. 'Havin' no children of me own to speak av,' says I, steppin' over an' droppin' the mitts intil the mouth av the stockin', 'I made bold to remimber Mary Jane.' Then I turned on the drunken blackguard in the corner. 'Times is changed since the good ould Bible days, Tim Hooley.' says I, 'When the widdy an' the fatherless was considered objecks av pity. 'T is such husbands an' fathers as you, raisin' yer cowardly hand agin the woman that's tied to ye, an' drinkin' up the money that should go fer children's bread, like the swine that ye are, that's the curse av the world to-day. Hoh! the widdy an' the fatherless,' says I. 'Sure, since I've knowed the likes av you, I've re'lized as 'tis the widdy an' the fatherless as has the snap.' Hooley sprang till his feet cursin' like a h'athen an' threatenin' to pound me to a powder. But I stood me ground; I hadn't married an' buried Pat McGubbin for nauthin'. 'Come on,' says I, 'I'm ready fer ye; ye've chose a woman av yer own size this time. I'm strong an' I'm sober; come on, an' I'll give ye the mate till that black eye av yer wife's.' Och! how I ached to get at him! But 'twas too good to be thrue. Just as the row was at ut's best, Tim callin' me everythin' but a lady, an' me givin' me long standin' opinion av HIM, there come a knock till the door, an' in steps wan av them parcel

d'livery boys with a tremenjus big parcel. 'Does Mary Jane Hooley live here?' says he, kind av breathless. He was a mite av a chap an' no dowbt was scairt at the duet me an' Hooley was singin' when he come up. 'Timothy Hooley lives here,' says that gintleman, fallin' into his company manners. 'Belike the parcel's fer me,' an' he stretched out his hand to ondo ut. 'Tain't fer you,' says the boy, 'ut's fer Mary Jane Hooley, but I'm not to be tellin' who sint ut,' and he was out av the door like a shot. 'I'll open ut anyways,' says Tim. 'Not so fast, Misther Hooley,' says I, 'the parcel's none av yours. This little card that's tied to ut says ut's fer Mary Jane, an' not to be opened till the mornin'.' Just then a queer little sound, half sob an' half laugh, come from the far end av the room; an' there was Mary Jane in her little tattered nightgownd with her big eyes starin' at the parcel, and shakin' so she could hardly stand. 'Open ut,' she says her lips workin' stiffly an' her face growin' whiter an' whiter. 'Open ut.' I snatched the knife from Hooley an' cut the string. (Sure, I wasn't goin' to let the likes av him be playin' the bountiful father,) I ondone the wrappers, an' there was a tremenjus doll's trunk. 'Shall I onlock ut, darlint?' says I, for the key was in the lock. The child just nodded her head an' hung till the table. There was a cute little tray till the thing, an' ut was filled with all sorts av sweeties. I took wan an' would have popped ut intil her mouth, but she

pushed me hand away. She was past eatin', past speakin'; she could only stare an' stare at the trunk. Seein' that the suspinse was too much for her, I made haste to onlock the rest av the contents. Such beautiful things as there was! Sure, Ma'am, 'twas a mother's heart as thought av them warm little flannels all mended an' folded so neatly right at the top. I lifted the things out an' held them up wan by wan for Mary Jane to see—underflannels, shoes, stockin's, a little warm dress, an' at the trunk's very bottom, a doll, with flaxon curls an' blue eyes, the twins av Mary Jane's own. When the child saw the doll, her very lips went white. She stared at ut, rubbed her eyes an' stared again. Then, 'Don't wake me! Don't wake me!' she schreeches; 'let me dream ut out.' "

"Jove!" Tom exclaimed rather huskily, "what that child's life must have been for a little happiness to bowl her over like that."

He left the table abruptly and strolled to the window. "I suppose the little thing came round all right?" he threw back carelessly over his shoulder.

"Right as a trivet," Merindy assured him heartily. "Joy seldom kills; glory be to God for the same. Mary Jane thanks the blessed mother every night for answerin' her prayer. An' I'm thinking ut was a blessed little mother as done ut," she added, suddenly crossing the room to lay a rough hand on Dolly's bowed golden head. (Dolly who was sobbing her heart out!) "Sure if she could see the heaven that's smilin' in wan

small child's face this day she'd know her sacrifice was not in vain." [Selection, if desired, may end here.]

Then half ashamed of the display of feeling into which her gratitude had betrayed her, she hitched her shawl around her gaunt shoulders and stalked to the door. On the threshold she paused, to breathe a pious aspiration on behalf of Tim Hooley.

"I'm not fer wishin' Hooley any harm, but if the Lord ud only send him a sick-bed to repint on an' take him to heaven, 'twould be a mercy indeed."

"When last you prayed for his takin' off," Tom laughingly reminded her, "you were consigning him to a very different place."

The McGubbin closed a knowing eye.

"Sure, the devil won't have him," she said, "he's got plenty av HIS sort a'ready."

—By Frances E. Macartney.

(Abridged for Recitation by Jessie Alexander.)

THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE ENGLISH, AFTER ALL

I'VE been meditating lately that, when everything is told,
There is something in the English, after all.
Some people found them sleepy, and others thought them cold
But there's something in the English, after all.
Though their weaknesses are many, and the Germans waste their breath
By endeavouring to tell you of them all.
Yet they have a sense of duty, and they'll face it to the death,
So there's something in the English, after all.

If you're wounded by a savage foe and bugles sound "Retire!"
There's something in the English, after all.
You may bet your life they'll carry you beyond the zone of fire,
For there's something in the English, after all;
Yes, although their guns be empty, and their blood be ebbing fast,
And to stay by wounded comrades be to fall,
Yet they'll set their teeth, like bulldogs, and protect you to the last,
Or they'll die—like English soldiers—after all.

SOMETHING IN THE ENGLISH

When a British ship is lost at sea, Oh, then, I know you'll find
That there's something in the English, after all.
There's no panic-rush for safety, where the weak are left behind,
For there's something in the English, after all;
But the women and the children are the first to leave the wreck,
With the crew in hand as steady as a wall,
And the captain stands the last upon the sinking deck,
So there's something in the English, after all.

Though there's part of Europe hates them and would joy in their decline,
Yet there's something in the English, after all.
They may scorn the scanty numbers of the thin red British line,
Yet they fear its lean battalions after all;
For they know, that from the Colonel to the drummer in the band,
There is not a single soldier of them all
But would go to blind destruction, were their country to command,
And call it simply—"duty," after all.

—Bertrand Shadwell.

LEETLE BATEESE

"YOU bad leetle boy, not moche you care
How moche troub' you geev your poor gran'-pere,
Tryin' to stop you every day
Chasin' de hens among de hay,
W'y don' you geev dem a chance to lay,
Leetle Bateese?

Off on de fiel' you follow de plough,
Den wen you're tire' you scare de cow,
Sickin' de dog, till she jomp de wall,
An' de milk ain' good for not'in' at all,
An' you only five an' a half last Fall,
Leetle Bateese.

Too sleepy for sayin' de prayer to-night?
Ah well: nev' mind! I guess 't be all right
Say dem to-morrow; Ah! dere he go,
Fas' asleep in a minute or so,
An' he stay like dat till de rooster crow,
Leetle Bateese.

Den he wakes up all at once tout-de-suite
Lookin' for somting nice to eat,
Make me t'ink of dat long-legged crane,
Soon as he swallow, he hongry again
I won'er your stomach ain' got no pain
Leetle Bateese.

LEETLE BATEESE

Jus' see heem lyin' dere on hees bed,
Look at dat han' underneat' dat head,
If he grow like dat till he twenty year,
I bet he be stronger dan Louis Cyr,
An' beat all de voyageur leevin' here.
Leetle Bateese.

Jus' feel de muscles along hees back!
Not moche bodder for heem for carry de pack
On de long portage—any size canoe,
Dey ain't anyt'ing dat fellow won' do,
For he got double joint on hees body too,
Leetle Bateese.

But, leetle Bateese, please don' forget
We want you to stay de small boy yet,
So chase de cheeken, an' make him scare
An' do w'ot you like wit your old gran'pere
For wen you're beeg fellow he won' be dere.
Leetle Bateese."

—Dr. W. H. Drummond.

AN IRISH SHILLELEIGH

OUR ships had put into Queenstown for two hours, so we were free to roam about the old town or to take a jaunting car to Cork. One of the characteristic features of Queenstown is the vendor of black thorn walking-sticks. One of these men had in his collection, a most unique shilleleigh that instantly caught my attention; the natural black-thorn root had twisted itself into an animal's head that seemed to be a mythical combination of dog and duck; a deep scar in the neck added to it's pugnacious appearance. The instant my eyes lighted upon it, the alert Irishman spied a possible customer and loosed his witty persuasions:

"Och sure melady, its yersilf has an eye for the beautiful! Sure, there's a shtick wid a history melady, let me be afther tellin' the story: Three days ago in the middle of the noight, I had a vision of two beautiful ladies comin' ashore from a grand ship, to sarch for the foinest shilleleigh in all Ireland. 'Tim,' says I to mesilf, 'you're the mon,' says oi, 'to foind it for thim,' says oi. So oi got out av me bid at four o'clock in the mornin' melady,—cowld it was and rainin' melady, but out oi wint to the bog an' cut that shtick; sure ye're the very lady av the blissid vision and oi dramed in me drame that oi sowld ye that shtick for eight shillin's."

"Ah, Tim!" I laughed, "Dreams always go by contrary, and I'm not the lady that's going to pay eight shillings for that stick."

"Och sure melady, ye didn't let me finish the drame. Sure I dramed that for the sake av the two twinklin' eyes in yer head, I sowld ye that shtick for siven shillin's! Luk at the beauty av it! Faith, it's the most beautiful shtick in all Ireland!"

"It's the very ugliest shilleleigh I ever set eyes on!" I protested, "That's what makes it so fascinating." "Thrue for ye melady, it is that!" Whin I wint out to luk for that shtick, I says to mesilf, Tim, I says, ye must git the oogliest shtick ye can foind, I says, "to be settin' off the beauty of the wan it's goin' to," I says. "Oh, that's an ornamint for ye! An' sure, in your blissid peaceful country ye don't nade thim for ainything else but ornament."

"And what do you use them for in this country?" I asked.

"Och sure, 'tis well known that wid these, we settle our taxes and pay our rint. Och melady, just so the shtick won't be goin' to anny but the rightful owner, I'll make it six shillin's."

I shook my head.

"Melady," he coaxed holding the shilleleigh high, "How can ye resist that? Sure, luk at the crator lukin' at ye, sure the banshees has used that shtick in many a foight, luk at the gash in the throat av it, that's worth a shillin' itsilf. Foive shillin's I'll make it an' I'm givin' it to ye!"

AN IRISH SHILLELEIGH

I wondered how long Tim could keep on dropping shillings and witty remarks, so I was still obdurate. "Four shillin's, melady," said the now almost tearful Tim, "sure whin ye do be walkin' aboord the ship wid this shtick over your showlder all the young lads will be sayin', "There goes 'Beauty an' the Baste!' Three-an'-six, melady, an' I'm throwin' it away!"

I let him throw it away at three-and-six.

When I took the shilleleigh, his wife, who had been standing by adding to his entreaties, the eloquence of her Irish eyes, said softly with a curtsey, "For yer goodness, melady, I do be afther exchangin' a token wid ye as a remimbrance of Ireland." She put into my hand a root of Shamrock and as I crossed her palm with my "token," she proffered "a rale Irish bliss-in'," "May ivery gowlden hair of yer head be a candle to light ye to glory."

—Jessie Alexander.

THE BOY MARTYR

NOW that the bull with gilded horns
Was stricken by the priests,
The arena swam with human blood,
And with the blood of beasts.
The tigers felled, the leopards stabbed,
The huge snakes mashed to death,
Resting awhile to fan themselves,
The multitudes take breath.

High up above the curtained roof
The great white-rose clouds blew,
High up above the circling seats
The whirling pigeons flew,
Below in arching shadows cool,
The children hide, and play,
No warning growl nor hiss, nor moan
Can Roman boy dismay.

The purple awning overhead,
Three acres, Tyrian-wove,
Flaps breezily, as Auster now
Whispers with breath of love;
And Nero, tired, leans back to rest
In his great ivory seat,
His robe unloosed, his pimps and slaves
Basking about his feet.

And who of all those thousands there,
Thought of the death-doomed men,
Who lay, hands bound, with bleeding backs,
In the subterranean den,
Or of that little Christian boy
Brought from the chalky shore
Where Doroburnium's forts look down
Upon the Channel's roar?

They murmur for some newer thing,
Some combination wild,
"A snake and wild cat, or a cub
To grapple with a child,
Or ostriches and antelopes,"
Here Nero rose and cried,
For "some fresh combat, man or beast
That ne'er had yet been tried."

But lo: an epicure's surprise!
Voluptuous cruelty,
A Briton's child, to wrestle with
A thief from Thessaly,
A brawny giant scarred and burnt,
Covered with dust and blood,
His face all red as vineyard men's
With the grapes' purple flood.

The boy was pale with dungeon gloom,
Yet was he still and stern
Smiling at bony death, that shook

THE BOY MARTYR

Oe'r him a funeral urn.
His father dead, his brothers slaves,
His town burnt to the ground,
His tribe destroyed, his country lost,
His mother chained and bound.

The horns and drums and shrieking flutes
Burst forth together now,
The giant swings his weapons round
And wipes his crimson brow,
David, when trampling on the bear,
Looked like that Christian youth,
With such a halo round his face
Of holy love and truth.

The pagan gods frown on the Greek,
His blows are fierce but wild,
Slowly his heart yields up its life
Unto that mere weak child.
He strikes with giant force, but lo:
He bites the gory sand,
The unfleshed trident snaps and falls
From the dead giant's hands.

The people raise their thumbs erect,
Of mercy the glad sign,
Nero stands up and waves his wand
That like the sunbeams shine.
"Curse Christ and live, O boy!"
He cried, the lad looked up,

Pushing fierce back with angry hand,
The flatterer's proffered cup.

"Curse Christ and live! ten thousand cried,
And twenty thousand then,
The boy placed one foot on the dead,
And braved those howling men.
"Christ and His cross alone!" he cried,
Pallid, yet stern and cool.
Then Nero, rose and screaming cried,
"To the lions with the fool!"

A roar, a leap, a shaking snarl,
An angry growl and tear,
A gnash of gory teeth, a wave
Of bloody dripping hair!
A dreadful shriek that ran above
The shouts of countless men,
As Moorish gladiators drove
The beast back to his den.

Sudden the death, and yet the boy
Had time, one glance, to see,
Of the golden gates of Paradise,
Opening silently
And waving wands and snowy wings,
And odors as of balm,
Then—storm and death, that sudden changed
To an eternal calm.

. . . . . .

THE BOY MARTYR

The mountain ant-hill's on the move,
The people rise to go,
Through all the arches from each bench,
The human rivers flow.
Nero, forgetting crime so small,
Drove to his golden home,
But God did not forget it. No!
Go, look ye now at Rome.

—From M. S. presented to Chas. Roberts.

THE KINDERGARTEN TOT

I'M only just a little tot,
An' all the sense I have, I got
At kindergarten, with a lot
Of little tads like me.
The teacher stands us in a row
And makes our arms go to and fro,
That's how the Calisthenics go
With a one, an' a two an' a three.

She sings us such a funny tune
About the buds that come in June,
An' tells us all about the moon,
An' what we'd do without it.
Just how the moon can shine so bright
Is cheaper than electric light,
An' keeps on workin' every night,
An' makes no fuss about it.

The World, she says, is big and round
An' some is water and some is ground
An' some has never yet been found
Except by Polar bears.
One half the world's a hemi-sphere
An' t'other half is—well—oh dear!
I guess I forgot it comin' here,
—But then, nobody cares!

THE KINDERGARTEN TOT

The world is made of coloured maps,
Just so's to puzzle little chaps,
An' all inside, it's full of scraps
An' fires, they tell about.
I heard the teacher once confess
The world was full of wickedness
An' that's what makes earth quakes I guess,
The badness comin' out.

The world turns round most ever day,
I guess that's why the hens don't lay
Their eggs at night, for fear that they
Would fall out of the nest.
For then, the world is upside down,
And we'd have nothin' in the town,
But grocer's eggs, an' my ma's found
They're bad enough at best!

One day, a handsome man came in
That wusn't either kith or kin,
For teacher blushed down to her chin,
When he sat down beside her.
His uniform was yellow stuff,
With leggin's and a yellow cuff,
She couldn't look at him enough
And called him her "Strathcona."

She bade us all go out an' play,
—But I stayed in! and heard her say,
"They didn't shoot your arms away

When you were in the South."
He whispered in the teacher's ear
The longest time; and then, for fear
Her telephone was out of gear,
He whispered in her mouth!

He put his arms, I must confess,
Around her shoulders, more or less,
They call that "Shoulder Arms" I guess,
When they have got a gun.
The teacher took it awful cool,
For teacher's always, in the school,
Keep harpin' on the Golden Rule
"To do as you'd be done."

Just then the soldier caught my eye
An' says "Oh see that little spy!"
I says, "No enemy am I
I love her's hard's I can.
I'm going to be a soldier true,
An' then when all the fightin's through,
I'll come and kiss the teacher too.
I wish I was a man."

—By Fred Emerson Brooks.

DOMINIQUE

"YOU dunno ma little boy Dominique?
Never see heem runnin' roun' about de place?
'Cos I want to get advice how to kip heem lookin' nice
So he won't be always dirty on de face.
Now dat leetle boy of mine, Dominique,
If you wash heem an' you sen' heem off to school
But instead of goin' dere he vus playin' fox and hare.
Can you tell me how to stop de leetle fool?"

"I'd tak' dat leetle feller Dominique
An' I'd put heem in de cellar ev'ry day,
An' for workin' out a cure, bread an' water's very sure,
You can bet he mak' de promise not to play."

"Dat's very well to say, but ma leetle Dominique
W'en de jacket we put on heem's only new,
He was goin' traved roun' on de medder up an' down,
Wit de strawberry on hees pocket runnin' t'roo!
An' w'en he climb de fence, see de hole upon hees pant!
No wonder hees poor moder's feelin' mad.
So if you ketch heem den, W'at you want to do ma
frien'?
Tell me quickly an' before he get too bad."

"I'd lick your leetle boy Dominique,
I'd lick heem till he's cryin' purty hard,
An' for fear he's getting spile I'd geev heem castor ile,
An' I wouldn't let heem play outside de yard."

DOMINIQUE

"If you see ma leetle boy Dominique
Hangin' on to poor ole 'Billy' by de tail
W'en dat horse is feelin' gay, lak I see heem yesterday,
I s'pose you t'ink he's safer in de jail?
W'en I'm lightin' up de pipe in de evenin' after work,
An' de powder dat young rascal's puttin' in
It was makin' such a pouf, nearly blow me t'roo de roof,
W'at de way you got of showin' t'was a sin?"

"Wall, I put heem in the jail right away,
You may bet de wan is got de begges' wall,
A honder foot or so, w'ere dey never let heem go,
No! I wouldn't kip a boy lak dat at all."

"Dat's good advice for sure, very good,
On de cellar bread an' water, it'll do,
De nice sweet caster ile geev heem ev'ry leetle w'ile
An' de jail to finish up wi' w'en he's t'roo,
Ah, ma frien' you never see Dominique
W'en he's lyin' dere asleep upon de bed.
If you do, you say to me, 'W'at an' angel he mus' be!
An' dere can't be not'ing bad upon hees head.' "

"Many t'anks for your advice, an' it may be good for some,
But de reason you was geev it isn't very hard to seek,
Yass, it's easy seein' now w'en de talk is over, how
You dunno ma leetle boy Dominique."

—Dr. W. H. Drummond.

THE TWO MARGARETS

A TROOP of soldiers waited at the door,
A crowd of people gathered in the street,
Aloof a little from the sabres bared,
Which flashed into their faces.

Then the door
Was opened, and two women meekly stepped
Into the sunshine of the sweet May-noon
Out of the prison—one was weak and old
A woman full of years and fool of woes,
The other was a maiden in her morn.

The troop moved on; and down the sunny street
The people followed, ever falling back
As in their faces flashed the naked blades,
But in the midst the women simply went
As if they two were walking side by side
Up to God's House on some still Sabbath morn,
Only they were not clad for Sabbath day,
But as they went about their daily tasks
They went to prison, and they went to death
Upon their Master's service.

On the shore
The troopers halted, all the shining sands
Lay bare and glistening; for the tide had drawn
Back to its fullest margin's weedy mark,
And each succeeding wave, with flash and curve

That seemed to mock the sabres on the shore,
Drew nearer by a hand breadth.

"It will be
A long day's work," murmured those murderous men
As they slacked rein—the leaders of the troop
Dismounting and the people passing near
To hear the pardon proferred with the oath
"Renouncing and abjuring part with all
The persecuted, covenanted folk;"
And both refused the oath—"Because," they said,
"Unless with Christ's dear servants we have part
We have no part with Him."

On this, they took
The elder one and led her out
Over the sliding sands, the weedy sludge,
The pebbly shoals, far out, and fastened her
Unto the furthest stake, already reached
By every rising wave; and left her there—
As the waves crept about her feet—in prayer
That He would firm uphold her in their midst
Who holds them in the hollow of His hand.

The tide flowed in, and up and down the shore
There paced the Provost, and the Laird of Lag—
Grim Grierson—with Windram and with Graham,
And the rough soldiers jested, with rude oaths,
As in the midst the maiden meekly stood,
Waiting her doom delayed—said she would turn

Before the tide—seek refuge in their arms
From the chill waves—but ever to her lips
There came the wondrous words of life and peace,
"If God be for us, who can be against,
Who shall divide us from the love of Christ?
Nor height—nor depth."

A voice from the crowd,
A woman's voice, a very bitter cry—
"O Margaret! my bonnie Margaret,
Gie in, gie in—oh, dinna break my heart,
Gie in, and take the oath."

Her mother's voice yet sounding in her ears,
They turn young Margaret's face towards the sea,
And round the shoreward stake
The tide stood ankle deep.

Then Grierson,
With cursing, vowed that he would wait no more,
And to the stake, the soldiers led her down
And tied her hands; and round her slender waist
Too roughly cast the rope, for Windram came
And eased it, while he whispered in her ear
"Come, take the test"—and one cried, "Margaret
Say but 'God Save the King' "—"God Save the King,
Of His great grace," she answered,
But the oath she would not take.

And still the tide flowed in
And drove the people back, and silenced them;
The tide flowed in, and rising to her knee,

THE TWO MARGARETS

She sang the psalm—"To Thee I lift my soul";
The tide flowed in, and rising to her waist,
"To Thee, my God, I lift my soul," she sang,
And the tide flowed, and rising to her throat
She sang no more, but lifted up her face
And there was glory over all the sky,
And there was glory over all the sea,
A flood of glory—and the lifted face
Swam in it, till it bowed beneath the flood,
And Scotland's Maiden Martyr went to God.

—*Recorder.*

I HAE CHANGED MA MIND

(In Yorkshire Dialect.)

MA freens an' ye live lang enough,
'Tis sartain ye will find,
That a woman's none a woman,
If she doesn't change her mind.
That minds me o' a story
As chanced in my young days,
Coom, sit ye doon an' hear it
An' I'll make the fire to blaze.
Sally an' Sam, when I were young,
Had coorted mony a year,
An' a' the folk they wished 'em weel
'As knawed 'em, far an' near.
An' they were happy, I'll be bound,
As ony lark as sings,
For Sally was a gradely lass,
And knawed the mak' o' things.
An' Sam nor a' the other lads
Was taller by the 'ead,
An' 'twas the talk o' the village,
As they were bound to wed.
Noo, on a summer's evenin'
When the farm work was all done,
They walked together arm in arm,
An' Sam he thus begun:

I HAE CHANGED MA MIND

"Sally," says he, "Thee and me
I's been coortin' a goodish bit, ha'e na we?"
Sally blushed an' smiled and turned away,
In coorse, she thowt 'ee wur goin' to say,
"Noo, Sally, I wants thee to name the day."
So she wur sommat taken aback,
When he went on quite another tack.
"Ay! we been coortin' a goodish bit
An' I'm tired of it noo, I find
So I thowt I'd coom an' tell thee
As I ha'e changed ma mind."
At first she thowt 'ee wur makin' fun,
So she laughed an' cried "Noo, Sam ha'e done.
Thou'd never be tryin't on wi' me,
Thou know'st I'd never think ill o' thee,
Thou'st never 'ad no 'casion for saying owt o' the kind!"
"Enough for thee to know," says Sam,
"As I ha'e changed ma mind!"
Then Sally, she wur downright mad,
An' sma' blame too, says I.
She'd a spice o' temper, as lassies 'as
As is neat an' smart an' spry.
"Thou ill contrived waistrel!
I wonder thou's the face!
Thou knaws the fowk'll cry thee shame
Throughout the hull o' the place,
To talk such stuff to 'er as thou
'Ast walked oot wi' sae lang,
Thou'st better change thy mind again

For sure thou'st changed it wrang!"
Oh, she gave him a tongue lashin',
A regular set-doon!
But Sam, he wurna' daunted
By ony woman's froon.
He let 'er talk till she wur tired
An' then, "Ma lass, says he
I've changed ma mind, I tell thee,
An' that's enough for thee."
Noo, Sally, she began to see
As tantrums wouldn't do,
So next, she tried clandoodlin',
An' weel she did it too.
I found it out at seventeen
An' I say it at nigh fourscore,
When a woman tak's to clandoodlin',
A man may as weel gie ower!
"Nay, Sam, thou niver means it!"
Says she—an' drops a tear—
"We two, hae loved each other
For well nigh seven year,
An' we broke the lucky sixpence
An' vowed we'd niver part,
I niver thowt as thou would'st go,
An' try to brak ma 'eart!
An' if thou goes and leaves me noo,
I'll lay me doon an' dee!"
Noo, I'm as soft as a biled turnip
If a woman but wets her e'e,

But Sam 'ee didn't care a smite,
He wur'nt that mak 'o stuff,
"I've changed ma mind, I tell thee,"
Says he, "An' that's enough!"
Noo, when clandoodlin' failed her
She knawed what to be at
She went an' took to strathegy
—An' woman's good at that—
I'm stronger than the missus,
An' wiser too, nae doot
But when she tak's to strathegy,
She beats me oot an' oot.
"Weel, Sam," says she, it's nowt to me,
I'm thinkin' there's plenty o' fish i' the sea
But what dost thou think fowk'll say o' thee?
Now though thou'rt as bad a lot as can be,
An' 'as seemin'ly lost all love for me,
I can't forget as I once loved thee,
So I've a plan, an' if thou'll agree,
The blame o' the partin' will fall on me.
'Twould never do for a likely lad
To leave a lass i' the lurch,
So thou maun go to the parson,
An' have us axed at the church,
An' thou maun niver cheep a word
O a' that thou hast said,
But let things go on just as though
We still were bound to wed;
And then the parson he'll coom in

To tie us oop for life,
"Sam, will't thou ha'e this woman
To be thy wedded wife,
To love and keep and cherish her
Through good report and ill?"
And thou maun then, as bauld as brass
Make answer "Ay! I will!"
And then 'twill be my turn thou knaws,
And parson he will say:
"Sally, wilt thou ha'e this man
To honor and obey?"
And I shall toss my head, as though
I didn't care a jot,
And answer oot afore folk,
" 'Nay, Maister; I will not.'
And then wi' me the blame will be,
And none o' the fault will lig to thee."
Noo, Sam, he thowt twur just as weel
As she should bear the blame,
So long as he could hae his way
An' leave her just the same,
So he went an' put the axin's oop,
An' when the day came round,
A lovin'er couple you'd a' said
There couldn't weel be found.
And Sally were that snod and smart,
In ribbons and in lace,
With a smile as looked like mischief,
Upon her bonnie face,

And her posy wur forget-me-nots,
As might ha' been a hint,
But bless ye! Sam he'd no more "nous"
Nor if he'd been a flint;
But he'd gotten the lesson off by heart,
An' when the parson said:
"Sam, will thou ha'e this woman
As thou's coom here to wed?"
He weren't never a bit flustered,
Though he'd behaved so ill,
But answered boldly like a man
"Ay, Maister! That I will"
Then a light o' triumph shone
In Sally's een so blue,
An' when the parson spiered at her
She answered "I will" too!
"Nay, Sally, lass," cried Sam aghast
"Thou's been and clean forgot.
Thou knaws thou told me thou would'st say
'Nay, Maister, I will not!'"
"Ay, Sam, my lad, I know I did,
But I think that thou will find
Its quite enough for thee to knaw
As I Hae changed ma mind."

—Mary Manners.

A SERENADE

"LULLABY, O Lullaby!"
Thus I heard a father cry,
"Lullaby, O Lullaby!" (Nod and groan)
"The wretch will never shut an eye
Hither come, some power divine
Close his eyes or open mine!" (Yawn).

"Lullaby, O Lullaby!
What on earth does make him cry?"
"Lullaby, O Lullaby!"
Still he stares, I wonder why
"Hush, O hush, for mercy's sake, (Dandle baby up and down)
The more you sing the more I wake!"

"Lullaby, O Lullaby!
Fie you little creature, fie! (Shake child)
Lullaby, O Lullaby!
Is no soothing syrup nigh?
Give him some, O give him all!
I am nodding to his fall."

"Lullaby, O Lullaby! (Walk up and down)
Two such nights and I shall die! (Groan)
Lullaby, O Lullaby! (Stumble)
He'll be bruised and so shall I.

A SERENADE

How can I from the bed-post keep
When I'm walking in my sleep?"

"Lullaby, O Lullaby!
Sleep his very looks deny.
Lullaby, O Lullaby, (Nod)
Nature soon will stupefy (Speech almost inarticulate)
My nerves relax, my eyes grow dim (Drop child and
stare stupidly)
Who's that fallen?—me or him?"

—THOMAS HOOD.

IN ANSWER

"MADAM, we miss the train at B——"
"But can't you make it, sir?" she gasped.
"Impossible! It leaves at three,
And we are due a quarter-past."
"Is there no way? Oh, tell me then
Are you a Christian?" "I am not."
"And are there none among the men
Who run this train?" "No!—I forgot
I think that fellow over there
Oiling the engine claims to be."
She threw upon the engineer
A fair face white with agony,
"Are you a Christian?" "Yes, I am."
"Then oh, sir, won't you pray
All the long way that God will stay,
That God will hold the train at B——?"
"'Twill do no good, it leaves at three
And"—"Yes! but God can hold the train
My dying child is calling me
And I must see her face again,
Oh, won't you pray?" "I will!" a nod
Emphatic as he takes his place.
When Christians grasp the arm of God
They grasp the power that rules the rod.
Out from the station swept the train

IN ANSWER

On time—swept on past wood and lea.
The engineer with cheeks aflame
Prayed "Oh Lord! hold the train at B——"
Then flung the throttle wide,
And like some giant monster of the plain
With panting sides and mighty strides
Past hill and valley swept the train.
A half—a minute—two, are gained:
Along the burnished lines of steel
His glances leap, each nerve is strained,
And still he prays with fervent zeal.
Heart, hand and brain with one accord,
Work, while his prayer ascends to Heaven
"Just hold the train eight minutes, Lord,
And I'll make up the other seven."
With rush and roar through meadow lands,
Past cottage homes and green hillsides,
The panting thing obeys his hands
And speeds along with giant strides.

. . . . . .

They say "an accident delayed
The train a little while"—but He
Who listened while his children prayed,
In answer, held the train at B——

—Rose Hartwicke Thorpe.

SANDY McNAB AT THE FRONT

I KEN wha's responsible for this war, and I ken the Kaiser Weelum is clean demented, but I dinna ken wha stole ma bunnet yesterday, when I was climbin' intae the German trenches; and until I find oot wha stole ma bunnet, there can be nae talk o' peace atween us an' the foe. Eh! 'Twas a maist r-reprehensible trick! Here wis me jumpin' ower a bit dyke, an' jist in the act o' stickin' a wee German mannie in the thrapple wi' ma bayonet, when somebody knockit aff ma bunnet an' I've niver seen it since. Talk aboot the horrors o' war! Huh! It's no that I care wan single tee-tootle aboot the hat, min' ye, for that, after a', belanged tae His Majisty, but I had a whole packet o' ceegarettes inside it. "Wha steals ma purse steals tr-rash," says the immor-rtal Harr-ry Lauder-r, but wha steals ma ceegarettes in the day o' battle mak's an enemy o' Sandy McNab for life.

What a maist extr'or-rdinar day we had yesterday, —maist extr'ordinar! Ma regiment, the gallant 79th, was lying in the trenches aboot fifty yairds awa' frae the German poseetion, but no a single wan o' thae Germans would show sae muckle as an eyebrow. Suddenly oor young lieutenant, wha, I must say, is a pairson of conseederable abeelity, although a Sassenach —jumps up an' cries oot "Waiter! Waiter!" Instant-

ly, thirty German heids poppit oot o' their mud-holes and almost as instantly—if no quicker—there were thirty sausage-eaters less! "Charge!" roars the Captain an' wi' a skirl o' pipes, we chairged.

It wis jist then I had ma first narrow escape; a spent bullet found its billet somewhere in the region o' ma manly bosom, an' if I hadna had the Princess Mary's gift-box in that pocket, it would ha' been "Good-bye, Piccadilly," for Sandy McNab. Suddenly, I cam' face tae face wi' a muckle German officer wha's anatomy bore a strong resemblance tae the gas-bag o' a Zeppelin. "Potsandzound!" he roared. "Na!" I says, "Sandy McNab o' Glesca, at yer sairvice!" an' I gied him a bit dunt in the belt-line wi' the butt end o' ma rifle an' left him gaspin' like a fish oot o' watter! Ha! Ha!

Then the enemy's artillery cam' intae action. There wis a flash an' a r-roar, an' bang went a thousand million saxpences, wi' every dischairge o' the Jack Johnstones. It wis jist at that creetical moment that I lost ma Glengarry; but naething made in Germany could stop the siventy-ninth! With howls o' rage we pursued the flying enemy from poseetion tae poseetion. I never saw men sae mad in a' ma bor-rn days—except when I saw a referee mobbed at a Scottish-cup tie.

At last the bugles sounded "Cease Fire," an' we gaed back tae our lines covered wi' mud, blood and glory.

Hoo the wee Frenchies cheered us! Wan o' them comes up tae me an' says: "Ma foi! It ees ze gallant

men of Ecosse wis ze kilts, oui, oui!" "No, we're no 'wee, wee,' we're 'big, big,'" says I, "But I've lost ma bunnet an' ma ceegarettes forbye." "Magnifique!" he cried an' he tried tae *kiss* me. "Ease aff!" I roared. "Dye tak' me for a ballet-dancer oot a' a revue?" He lookit hurt, but I draw the line at kissin' the Allies, fine men though they ar-re; let them send along their sisters an' their sweethearts an' Sandy McNab'll no be backwarrd in comin' forwarrd.

Heigho! But this war-r's a sinfu' business, ruin an' desolation everywhere; but I'm no gaun tae talk aboot that. I'll jist tell ye an incident that happened the other nicht. I wis daein' sentry go outside the lines, when suddenly ther-re r-rose the maist awfu' uproar-r ye ever harrd in a' yer life an' a private o' the Prussian Guards appeared on the sky-line in the maist disgr-race-fu' state o' intoxication, wi' bottles o' champagne under baith his airms, an' singin' "Der Wacht am Rhine," at the top o' his rusty voice. "McNab!" roars the Sar-geant, "Wha's makin' that infernal row?" "Orpheus," I says, "Orpheus, wi' his *loot*"—at the same time mak-in' a strategic move an' capturin' the undesirable alien —loot an' a'. When he found he wis a prisoner o' war-r he soon began tae sing on the ither side o' this mooth.

An' talkin' aboot singin', ye should hear oor chaps o' the 79th, singin':

Its a lang way tae Inverary,
Its a lang way we've been,

Since we said good-bye tae bonnie Mary,
On the slopes o' Glesca green.
Look oot Kaiser Weelum,
For we're upon your track,
It's a lang, lang way tae Inverary,
But we'll tak' ye back.

Aha! it'll be a sad day for that treaty-buster-r, when the 79th gets tae Berlin! But no until then, till the Belgians get back their country, an' until I get back ma bunnet an' ma ceegarettes, will the Allies listen tae ony overtures o' peace frae his Satanic—I mean his Germanic Majesty. —ANON.

OUR CHRISTMAS

WE didn't have much of a Christmas, my pappa and Rosey an' me,
For mamma had gone to the prison to trim up the poor prisoners' tree,
An' Ethel, my big grown-up sister, was down to the 'sylum all day
To help with the big turkey dinner, an' teach games for the orphans to play.

She belongs to a club of young ladies with a beautiful object they say,
It's to go among poor lonesome children an' make all their sad hearts more gay.
An' Aunty, you don't know my Aunty? She's my pappa's own half sister Kate,
She's 'bliged to be round to the chapel till it's Oh! sometimes deardfully late;

For she pities the poor worn out curate, his burdens, she says, are so great
So she 'ranges the flowers and the music, an' he goes home round by our gate
I should think this way must be longest, but then of course he knows the best
Aunt Kate says he intones most splendid, and his name is Vane Algernon West.

OUR CHRISTMAS

My pappa had bought a big turkey an' had it sent home
Christmas eve,
But there wasn't a soul here to cook it, 'cause Bridget
had threatened to leave
If she didn't go out with her cousin,—he doesn't look
like her one bit,—
She says she belongs to a Union, an' the Union won't
let her submit.

So we had bread and milk for our dinner an' some
raisins and candy, an' then
Rose an' me went down to the pantry to look at the
turkey again.
Pappa wanted to take us out driving, but thought that
he didn't quite dare
For Rose had caught cold an' was coughing, there was
dampness and chills in the air.

Oh the day was so long an' so lonesome, an' pappa was
lonesome as we,
An' the parlor was dreary, no sunshine, an' all the
bright roses, the tea
An' the red ones, an' ferns and carnations that had
made our bay window so bright,
Mamma had picked up for the men at the prison to
make their bad hearts pure and white.

So we all sat down close to the window, Rose an' me
on our pappa's two knees,
An' we counted the dear little birdies that were hop-
ping about on the trees

OUR CHRISTMAS

Rosie wanted to be a brown sparrow, but I thought
I'd rather by far
Be a robin that flies away winters where the summer
an' gay blossoms are.

An' pappa wished he was a jail bird, 'cause he said that
they fared the best,
An' we were all glad we weren't turkeys, 'cause then
we'd have been killed with the rest
That night, I put in my prayers, "Dear God we were
lonesome to-day,
For mamma, aunt, Ethel an' Bridget, everyone of them
all went away."

"Won't you please make a club or society before it's
time for next Christmas to be
To take care of philanterpists' families like pappa an'
Rosy an' me?"
An' I think that my pappa's grown pious, for he
listened as still as a mouse
Till I said "Amen," then he said it, so it sounded all
over the house.

—Julia Walcott.

TIT FOR TAT

"GOOD mornin', Miss Kate," said young Micky Fee,
"Good mornin' agi'n! 'Tis yersilf sure, I see
Lookin' bloomin' as iver." But Miss Kate turned away
As she said, "Mister Micky, I wish ye good day!"
Ye're a heartless decaiver! Now don't spake a worrd
Purty tales about you and Miss Nora oi've heard
Ye know ye danced with her the day av the Fair,
An' praised her grey eyes an' her very red hair,
An' called her an angel; quite in love wid her fell,
An' at noight when ye parted, ye kissed her as well!
But young Micky gave a sly wink, as he said,
"I decaived her me darlin', this way turn yer head,
Yis, faith! I decaived her, me darlin' 'tis thrue!
For I shut both me eyes and I fancied 'twas YOU."

"Well, I've no time to stay, so good-bye, Micky Fee,
Ye may decaive her, but ye'll not decaive me
Oh, ye bether be aff, for me dad's comin' here!"
"Shure that's not him I see a bobbin' behind the owld black-thorn tree
For it's Paddy Mahone!" "Oh!" said Kate with a sneer
"Ye've got yer eyes open at last, Micky dear,
For he's comin' to coort me: Now listen me lad,
Whin that bhoy kisses me, oh won't ye be mad!
Whin his lips meet moine sure what'll I do
But I'll shut both me eyes, an' I'll fancy it's YOU!"

THE HOSTAGE

THEY seize, in the tyrant of Syracuse halls,
A youth with a dagger in's vest;
He is bound by the tyrant's behest;
The tyrant beholds him—rage blanches his cheek,
"Why hidest yon dagger, conspirator? Speak!"
"To pierce to the heart such as thou!"
"Wretch! Death on the cross is thy doom even now!"

"It is well," spoke the youth, "I am harnessed for death,
And I sue not thy sternness to spare,
Yet would I be granted one prayer;—
Three days would I ask till my sister be wed;
As a hostage I leave thee my friend in my stead;
If I be found false to my truth,
Nail him to thy cross without respite or ruth."

Then smiled with a dark exultation the king,
And he spake, after brief meditation—
"I grant thee three days' preparation;
But see thou outstay not the term I allow,
Else by the high throne of Olympus, I vow
That if thou shalt go scatheless and free,
The best blood of thy friend shall be forfeit for thee."

And Pythias repairs to his friend—"I am doomed
To atone for my daring emprize,
By death in its shamefullest guise;

But the monarch, three days, ere I perish, allows,
Till I give a loved sister away to her spouse;
  Thou therefore my hostage must be,
Till I come the third day and again set thee free."

And Damon in silence embraces his friend,
  And he gives himself up to the despot;
  While Pythias makes use of his respite.
And ere the third morning in Orient is burning,
Behold the devoted already returning
  To save his friend ere it be later,
By dying himself the vile death of a traitor!

But the rain, the wild rain, dashes earthward in floods,
  Upswelling the deluging fountains;
  Strong torrents rush down from the mountains;
And lo! as he reaches the deep river's border,
The bridgeworks give way in terrific disorder,
  And the waves, with a roaring like thunder,
Sweep o'er the rent wrecks of the arches, and under.

To and fro by the brink of that river he wanders;
  In vain he looks out through the offing;
  The fiends of the tempest are scoffing
His outcries for aid; from the opposite strand
No pinnance puts off to convey him to land;
  And made mad by the stormy commotion,
The river-waves foam like the surges of ocean.

Then he drops on his knees, and he raises his arms
  To Jupiter, strength and help-giver—
  "O, stem the fierce force of the river;

The hours are advancing—noon wanes—in the west
Soon Apollo will sink, and my zeal and my best
  Aspirations and hopes will be baffled.
And Damon, my Damón, will die on a scaffold."

But the tempest abates not, the rapid flood waits not,
  On, billow o'er billow comes hasting,
  Day, minute by minute is wasting—
Then daring the worst that the desperate dare,
He casts himself in with a noble despair;
  And he buffets the tyrannous waves,
And Jupiter pities the struggler, and saves.

The hours will not linger; his speed is redoubled—
  Forth, faithfullest! Bravest, exert thee!
  The gods cannot surely desert thee!
Alas! as hope springs in his bosom renewed,
A band of barbarians rush out of the wood,
  And they block up the wanderer's path,
And they brandish their weapons in clamorous wrath.

"What will ye," he cries, "I have naught but my life,
  And that must be yielded ere night;
  Force me not to defend it by fight:"
But they swarm round him closer, that truculent band;
So he wrests the huge club from one savage's hand.
  And he fells the first four at his feet;
And the remnant, dismayed and astounded, retreat.

The storm burst is over—low glows the red sun,
  Making earth and air fainter and hotter;
  The knees of the fugitive totter—

"Alas!" he cries, "Have I then breasted the flood,
Have I vanquished those wild men of rapine and blood,
But to perish from langour and pain,
While my hostage, my *friend,* is my victim in vain?"

When hark! a cool sound as of murmuring water;
He hears it, it bubbles—it gushes—
Hark! louder and louder it rushes!
He turns him, he searches, and lo: a pure stream
Ripples forth from a rock, and shines out in the beam
Of the Sun ere he fierily sinks,
And the wanderer bathes his hot limbs, and he drinks.

The sun looks his last. On the oft-trodden pathway
Hies homeward the wearyful reaper;
The shadows of evening grow deeper,
When pressing and hurrying anxiously on,
Two strangers pass Pythias and list! he hears one
To the other exclaiming, "O shame on
The wretch that betrayed the magnanimous Damon!"

Then horror lends wings to his faltering feet,
And he dashes in agony onward;
And soon a few roofs looking sunward,
Gleam faintly where Syracuse suburbs extend;
And the good Philodemus, his freedman and friend,
Now comes forward in tears to his master,
Who gathers despair from that face of disaster.

"Back master! preserve thine own life at the least!
His I fear me, thou canst not redeem,

For the last rays of the eventide beam;
O' tho' hour after hour travelled on to its goal,
He expected thy coming with confident soul,
And tho' mocked by the king as forsaken,
His trust in thy truth to the last was unshaken!"

"Eternal Avenger" and is it too late?
Cried the youth with a passionate fervor,
"And can not I be his preserver?
Then death shall unite, whom not hell shall divide!
We will die he and I on the rood side by side,
And the bloody destroyer shall find,
That there be souls whom Friendship and Honor can bind!"

And on, on, unresting he bounds like the roe,
See! they lay the long cross on the ground!
See the multitude gather around:
See! already they hurry their victim along,
When, with giant-like strength a man bursts thro' the throng,
And—"Oh stay, stay your hands!" is his cry—
"I am come!—I am here!—I am ready to die!"

And astonishment masters the crowd at the sight,
While the friends in the arms of each other
Weep tears that they struggle to smother,
Embarrassed, the lictors and officers bring
The strange tidings at length to the ears of the king.
And a human emotion steals o'er him,
And he orders the friends to be summoned before him.

And admiring, he looks at them long ere he speaks—
"You have conquered, O marvellous pair!
By a friendship as glorious as rare;
You have melted to flesh the hard heart in my breast,
Go in peace! You are free! But accord one request
To my earnest entreaties and wishes—
Accept a third friend in your king, Dionysius."

—SCHILLER.
(Translated by Mangan.)

THE USUAL WAY

THERE was once a little man, and his rod and line he took,
For he said, "I'll go a fishing in the neighboring brook."
And it chanced a little maiden was walking out that day,
And they met—in the usual way.

Then he sat him down beside her, and an hour or two went by,
But still upon the grassy brink his rod and line did lie;
"I thought," she shyly whispered, "you'd be fishing all the day!"
And he was—in the usual way.

So he gravely took his rod in hand and threw the line about,
But the fish perceived distinctly he was not looking out;
And he said, "Sweetheart, I love you," but she said she could not stay,
But she did—in the usual way.

Then the stars came out above them, and she gave a little sigh
As they watched the silver ripples like the moments running by;

THE USUAL WAY

"We must say good-bye," she whispered by the alders
old and gray,
And they did—in the usual way.

And day by day beside the stream, they wandered to
and fro,
And day by day the fishes swam securely down below,
Till this little story ended, as such little stories may,
Very much in the usual way.

And now that they are married, do they always bill
and coo?
Do they never fret and quarrel, like other couples do?
Does he cherish her and love her? does she honor and
obey?
Well, they do—in the usual way.

—Frederick Weatherley.

TANTRUMS

IT was Sunday evening and nurse-maid's Sunday out, so mamma was left in full charge of the four cherubs. Now the nurse had been in the habit of lulling the babies to sleep, with certain tunes that were not in mamma's repertoire. Cherub number three was growing very sleepy and consequently, very cross. She began to rub her nose irritably—a sure sign of sandman—and to whimper grumblingly:

"Uh—ahuh—ahuh—ahuh!"

"Come then, Marjorie," mother murmurs soothingly, "Mamma'll rock you to sleep and sing that little hymn that Marjory likes, 'God Sees The Little Sparrow Fall.'"

"No—o—o!" wails Marjorie. "S—s—sing 'Muvver, may I do out to fim.'" "Oh no, Marjie, that's not for Sunday. Mamma will sing 'I Am So Glad.'"

"No—o—o—o!" screeches the unregenerate Marjorie, "Uh-uh-uh- uhah- uhah! sing Muvver, may I go out to uhah—fim! uh-huh, etc."

"Marjorie! mother can't sing a tune like than on Sunday! Mama'll sing 'There is a Happy Land, Far, Far Away.'" The suggestion of a happy land in the distance only added fuel to the flame and this time, Marjorie's howls were accompanied by violent leg gymnastics.

"Uh-ahuh-ahuh—a—a—a—a!"

"No—o—o—o—o—uha—ha! Sing Muvver, May I Do Out to Fim! a—a—a—a—a!"

Then the mother became desperate and out upon the calm Sabbath air floated the classic strains of "Mother, May I Go Out to Swim," till in three minutes the cherub was fast asleep, looking as angelic as if she had been lulled to rest by the most heavenly hymn imaginable.

—Jessie Alexander.

THROUGH THE FLOOD

WHEN Dr. MacLure left the room where the life of Annie Mitchell was ebbing slowly away he said not one word, and at the sight of his face her husband's heart was troubled.

"Is't as bad as yir lookin', doctor tell's the truth; wull, Annie, no come through?" and Tammas looked MacLure straight in the face, who never flinched his duty nor said smooth things.

"A' wud gie onything tae say Annie hes a chance, but a' daurna; a' doot yir gaein' tae lose her, Tammas."

MacLure was in the saddle, and as he gave his judgment, he laid his hand on Tammas's shoulder with one of the rare caresses that sometimes pass between men.

"It's a sair business, but ye 'ill play the man and no vex Annie; she 'll dae her best, a'll warrant."

"An' a'll dae mine," and Tammas gave MacLure's hand a grip that would have crushed the bones of a weakling.

Tammas hid his face in Jess's mane and drank his bitter cup, drop by drop.

"A' wesna prepared for this, for a' aye thocht she wud live the langest. . . She's younger than me by ten years, and never wes ill. . . We've been mairit twal year laist Martinmas, but it's juist like a

year the day. . . A wes never worthy o' her, the bonniest, snoddest (neatest), kindliest lass in the Glen. . . A' never cud mak oot hoo she ever lookit at me, 'at hesna hed ae word tae say aboot her till it's ower late. . . An' a' wes minded tae be kind, but a' see noo mony little trokes a' micht hae dune for her, and noo the time is bye. . . An' we never hed ae cross word, no ane in twal year. . . Oh, ma bonnie lass, what 'ill the bairnies an' me dae without ye, Annie?"

"Can naethin' be dune, doctor? Ye savit Flora Cammil, and young Burnbrae, an' yon shepherd's wife Dunleith wy, an' we were a' sae prood o' ye, an' pleased tae think that ye hed keepit deith frae anither hame. Can ye no think o' somethin' tae save Annie, and gie her back tae her man and bairnies?"

"Tammas, ma puir fallow, if it could avail, a' tell ye a' wud lay doon this auld worn-oot ruckle o' a body o' mine juist tae see ye baith sittin' at the fireside, an' the bairns roond ye, couthy an' canty again; but it' no tae be, Tammas, it's no tae be."

"It's God's wull an' maun be borne, but it's a sair wull for me, an' a'm no ungrateful tae you, doctor, for a' ye've dune and what ye said the nicht," and Tammas went back to sit with Annie for the last time.

Jess picked her way through the deep snow to the main road, with a skill that came of long experience, and the doctor held converse with her according to his wont.

"Eh, Jess wumman, yon wis the hardest wark a' hae tae face, tae tell Tammas Mitchell his wife wes deein'.

A' said she cudna be cured, and it wes true, for there's juist ae man in the land fit for't, but they micht as weel try tae get the mune oot o' heaven. Sae a' said naethin' tae vex Tammas's hert, for it's heavy eneuch withoot regrets.

But it's hard, Jess, that money wull buy life after a', an' if Annie wes a duchess her man wudna lose her; but bein' only a puir cottar's wife, she maun dee afore the week's oot.

Gin we hed him the morn there's little doot she wud be saved, for he hesn't lost mair than five per cent. o' his cases, and they'ill be puir toon's craturs, no strappin' women like Annie.

It's oot o' the question, Jess, sae hurry up, lass, for we've hed a heavy day. But it wud be the grandest thing that was ever dune in the Glen in oor time if it could be managed by hook or crook.

We 'ill gang and see Drumsheugh, Jess; he wes aye kinder than fouk kent;" and the doctor passed at a gallop through the village.

"Come in by, doctor; a' heard ye on the road; ye'll hae been at Tammas Mitchell's; hoo's the gudewife?"

"Annie's deein', Drumsheugh, an' Tammas is like tae brak his hert."

"That's no lichtsome, doctor, no lichtsome ava. Man, ye 'll need tae pit yir brains tae steep. Is she clean beyond ye?"

"Beyond me and every ither in the land but ane, and it wud cost a hundred guineas tae bring him tae Drumtochty."

"Certes, he's no blate; it's a fell chairge for a short day's work; but hundred or no hundred we'll hae him, an' no let Annie gang, and her no half her years."

"Are ye meanin' it, Drumsheugh?" and MacLure turned white below the tan.

"William MacLure," said Drumsheugh, "a'm a lonely man, wi' naebody o' ma ain blude tae care for me livin', or tae lift me intae ma coffin when a'm deid.

. . . . .

"Yir the only man kens, Weelum, that I aince luved the noblest wumman in the glen, an' a' luve her still, but wi' anither luve noo. She hed given her heart tae anither, and—weel, a' we can dae noo, Weelum, gin we haena mickle brichtness in oor ain hames, is tae keep the licht frae gaein' oot in anither hoose. Write the telegram, man, Sandy 'ill send it aff frae Kildrummie this verra nicht, and ye'll hae yir man the morn."

"Yir the man a' coonted ye, Drumsheugh, but ye'll grant me ae favour. Ye'll lat me pay the half, bit by bit—oh, a' ken yir wullin' tae dae't a',—but a' ha'ena mony pleesures, an' a' wud like tae hae me ain share in savin' Annie's life."

Next morning Sir George was received on the Kildrummie platform by a figure whom that famous surgeon took for a gillie, but who introduced him-

self as "MacLure of Drumtochty." It seemed as if the East had come to meet the West when these two stood together, the one in travelling furs, handsome and distinguished, with his strong, cultured face and carriage of authority, a characteristic type of his profession; the other, rough and ungainly, his face and neck one redness from the bitter cold yet not without some signs of power in his eye and voice, the most heroic type of his noble profession. MacLure made some observations as he settled the distinguished surgeon in Drumsheugh's dog-cart and explained that it would be an eventful journey.

"It's a' richt in here, for the wind disna get at the snaw, but the drifts are deep in the Glen, and there'll be some engineerin' afore we get tae oor destination."

A' seleckit the road this mornin', an' a' ken the depth tae an inch; we 'ill get through this steadin' here tae the main road, but oor worst job 'ill be crossin' the Tochty.

Ye see the bridge hes been shaken wi' this winter's flood, and we daurna venture on it, sae we hev tae ford, and the snaw's been melting up that way. There's nae doot the water's gey big, an' its threatenin 'tae rise, but we 'ill win through wi' a warstle.

It micht be safer tae lift the instruments oot o' reach o' the water; wud ye mind haddin' them on yir knee till we're ower, an' keep firm in yir seat in case we come on a stane in the bed o' the river.

By this time, they had come to the edge, and it was not a cheering sight. The Tochty had spread out over the meadows, and while they waited they could see it cover another two inches on the trunk of a tree. Upon the opposite side Hillocks stood to give directions by word and hand, as the ford was on his land, and none knew the Tochty better in all its ways.

They passed through the shallow water without mishap; but when they neared the body of the river, MacLure halted, to give Jess a minute's breathing.

"It 'ill tak ye a' yir time, lass, an' a' wud raither be on yir back; but ye never failed me yet, and a wumman's life is hangin' on the crossin'."

With the first plunge into the bed of the stream the water rose to the axles, and then it crept up to the shafts, so that the surgeon could feel it lapping in about his feet, while the dogcart began to quiver, and it seemed as if it were to be carried away. Sir George was as brave as most men, but he had never forded a Highland river in flood, and the mass of black water racing beneath, before, behind him, affected his imagination and shook his nerves. He rose from his seat and ordered MacLure to turn back, declaring that he would be condemned utterly and eternally if he allowed himself to be drowned for any person.

"Sit doon," thundered MacLure; "condemned ye will be suner or later gin ye shirk yir duty, but through the water ye gang the day."

And MacLure prevailed.

Jess trailed her feet along the ground with cunning art; MacLure leant forward in his seat, a rein in each hand, and his eyes fixed on Hillocks, who was now standing up to the waist in the water, shouting directions.

"Haud tae the richt, doctor; there's a hole yonder. Keep oot o't for ony sake. That's it; yir daein' fine. Steady, man, steady. Yir at the deepest; sit heavy in yir seats. Up the channel noo, an' ye'ill be oot of the swirl. Weel dune, Jess, weel dune, auld mare. Mak' straicht for me, doctor, an' a'll gie ya the road oot. Ma word, ye've dune yir best, baith o' ye this mornin'," cried Hillocks, splashing up to the dogcart, now in the shallows.

"Sall, it wes titch an' go for a meenut in the middle; a Hielan' ford is a kittle (hazardous) road in the snaw time, but ye're safe noo.

Gude luck tae ye up at Westerton, sir; nane but a richt-hearted man wud hae riskit the Tochty in flood. Ye're boond tae succeed aifter sic a graud beginnin', for it had spread already that a famous surgeon had come to do his best for Annie, Tammas Mitchell's wife.

Two hours later MacLure came out from Annie's room and laid hold of Tammas, a heap of speechless misery by the kitchen fire, carried him off to the barn, spread some corn on the threshing floor and thrust a flail into his hands.

"Noo we've tae begin, an' we'll no be dune for an'

oor, and ye've tae lay on withoot stoppin' till a' come for ye, a'll shut the door tae haud in the noise, an' keep yir dog beside ye, for there maunna be a cheep aboot the hoose for Annie's sake."

"A'll dae onything ye want me, but if—if—"

"A'll come for ye, Tammas, gin there be danger; but what are ye feared for wi' the Queen's ain surgeon here?"

Fifty minutes did the flail rise and fall, save twice, when Tammas crept to the door and listened, the dog lifting his head and whining.

It seemed twelve hours instead of one when the door swung back, and MacLure filled the doorway, preceded by a great burst of light, for the sun had arisen on the snow.

His face was as tidings of great joy.

"A' never saw the marrow o't, Tammas, an' a'll never see the like again; it's a' ower, man, withoot a hitch frae beginnin' tae end, and she's fa'in' asleep as fine as ye like."

"Dis he think Annie. . . 'ill live?"

"Of course he dis, and be aboot the hoose inside a month; that's the gude o' bein' a clean-bluided, weel-livin' ———. Preserve ye, man, what's wrang wi' ye? it's a mercy a' caught ye, or we wud hev hed anither job for Sir George.

Ye're a' richt noo; sit doon on the straw. A'll come back in a whilie, an' ye 'ill see Annie juist for a meenut, but ye maunna say a word."

They took him in and let him kneel by Annie's bedside.

He said nothing then or afterwards, for speech came only once in his lifetime to Tammas, but Annie whispered, "Ma ain dear man."

When the doctor placed the precious bag beside Sir George in our solitary first-class compartment next morning, he laid a cheque beside it and was about to leave.

"No, no," said the great man. "Mrs. Macfadyen and I were on the gossip last night, and I know the whole story about you and your friend.

"You have some right to call me a coward, but I'll never let you count me a mean, miserly rascal," and the cheque in Drumsheugh's painful writing fell in fifty pieces on the floor.

As the train began to move, a voice from the first called, so that all in the station heard.

"Give us another shake of your hand, MacLure; I'm proud to have met you; you are an honour to our profession. Mind the antiseptic dressings. Proud to have met you!"

—From "The Bonnie Briar Bush," by Ian MacLaren.

(Adapted for Recitation by Jessie Alexander.)

MATED

ONCE on a time—'tis an opening rhyme
Whose age wins respect I discover—
Well once, as I said, roved a practical maid
With her dreamy, poetical lover.

With hope's golden hue and love's colors, too,
He painted the future before them.
She, coquettish and fair, hummed a meaningful air,
As the shadows of evening fell o'er them.

And the words that she breathed, as he quickly perceived,
Were of "Castles in Air"—with arch warning,
Quoth he "If you'll not be Queen of My Castles, I ween
To dull ruins they'll fall 'neath your scorning."

Quoth she: "I'm no fairy nor spirit so airy,
To dwell in your castles celestial,
Let the Muse be their queen, I had rather I ween,
Live with you in a cottage terrestrial."

O impetus strange! From that hour he did change,
Golden dreams into guineas material
The price of an Ode, helped to buy their abode
Which was furnished in taste with a Serial.

MATED

The muses approve of this practical move,
And his fancies throng brighter and thicker,
And the fact that a sonnet must pay for a bonnet,
Only helps him to shape it the quicker.

And thus, 'twixt the real and the shadowy ideal
An average she helps him to strike, wise,
What moral to gain from this frivolous strain?
Why poet, go thou and do likewise.

—Jessie Alexander.

THE BROWNS OF WALHAM GREEN

I ONCE knew some jolly people, all as happy as could be,
Always eager for their dinner, always ready for their tea;
Cheeks had they for ever rosy, eyes that glistened and were bright—
They could eat a hearty supper and sleep calmly through the night.
They had neither pain nor aching, and, as none of them were ill,
They had never taken physic and they paid no doctor's bill.
O, in all the British islands none were healthier, I ween,
Or more happy and contented than the Browns of Walham Green.

But one day, inside a carriage on the smoky "Underground,"
Coming homeward from the City, pa a bulky journal found;
'Twas a *Lancet,* that some reader had forgotten and had left,
So pa put it in his pocket—which of course was not a theft;

THE BROWNS OF WALHAM GREEN

(If it was, upon the railway I've committed many crimes,
For I've often in this manner seized and taken home the *Times.*)
But better, O far better, had that *Lancet* never been
On the seat in the compartment where sat Brown of Walham Green.

Mr. Brown, he glanced it over while partaking of his tea.
"Did you ever? Well, I never!" every moment muttered he;
And he left his tea unfinished, and he put his muffin down,
And his manner altogether was so queer that Mrs. Brown
Rose and screamed, "Good gracious, Thomas! what's the matter—tell me true!
You are going white and yellow, and your lips are turning blue;"
And for answer out he read them all the awful things he'd seen
In the *Lancet,* and a panic seized the Browns of Walham Green.

For they knew the germs of fever were around them everywhere—
They were told how very fatal was the family armchair;
They were told that every morning when the slavey shook the mat

Germs of death were scattered broadcast, and they shivered as they sat.
They were told that death was lurking in the teapot and the tank,
In the milk and in the water, and in everything they drank.
In their terror, 'gainst each other all the family did lean—
Peace of mind had gone for ever from the Browns of Walham Green.

From that day they took the *Lancet,* every week they read it through,
And their faces changed from rosy to a sickly yellow hue;
And they could not eat their dinner, and they could not sleep at night,
For with every Friday's *Lancet* came a new and awful fright.
They were happy when they knew not of the germs that lie in wait—
In the cottage of the lowly, in the castles of the great,
In the street and in the parlour, in the train and in the 'bus,
Round the corner germs are waiting, on the watch to spring on us.
There are germs in clothes and customs—ah, the *Lancet's* eye is keen,
It has even pierced the dustbin of the Browns of Walham Green.

There, it told them, germs in thousands lay in waiting night and day,
So they went and threw carbolic in a wildly lavish way.
Then it warned them in a leader that they'd better all look out
For a dreadful epidemic that came down the water-spout;
Up they went upon the housetop and poured quarts of acid down,
Which they carried up in buckets—Mr., Miss, and Mrs. Brown—
And the neighbours stood and wondered what the dickens it could mean,
This gath'ring on the housetop of the Browns of Walham Green.

Every week came other terrors, every week their fears grew worse,
Till they felt their lives a burden, till they felt their home a curse;
And they sat around the table with a look of nervous dread,
So upset by fears of dying that they wished that they were dead.
And when they all were turning to mere bags of skin and bone,
And all the sound they uttered was a deep sepulchral groan,

THE BROWNS OF WALHAM GREEN

Up rose young Tom, the eldest—a youth of seventeen—
And seized and flung the *Lancet* right out on Walham Green.

"Get out, you horrid bogey—you terrifying pest!"—
Exclaimed young Tom in anger as he flung it east and west.
Then pa rose up, and, lifting his hand toward heaven's dome,
Swore that never more the *Lancet* should come into the home.
And from that moment, vanished their look of care and woe,
And all of them grew happy as in the long ago.
At germs they snap their fingers, and now with joyous mien
They live in calm contentment—the Browns of Walham Green.

—G. R. Sims.

A WILD AND WOOLLY WESTERNER

I HAD boarded a C.P.R. train about noon and going immediately into the dining car, found it very crowded; the waiter, however, led me to a table at which was seated a specimen of the "wild and woolly" type. The rustle of a skirt seemed to disturb him and he appeared to be very much embarrassed when I sat down opposite him; he plunged his huge hands under the table, and looked very much as if the rest of him would like to follow. He had evidently been studying the "menu," for when the waiter asked for his order, he answered promptly. "Bring some pork and beans." "Anything else, sir?"

"Yep, fetch the trimmin's."

The pork and beans and "trimmin's" were brought. He glanced uneasily at me from time to time, then fancying that some courtesy was due the lady opposite, he summoned up courage to say "Purty fine weather we're hevin', ain't it?" "Very pleasant," I responded, and seeing that the man wished to be sociable, I continued, "There doesn't seem to be much good farming-land, round here, does there?"

"I dunno' much abeout farmin'." I was evidently not on the right track, so tried him next on mining, but found I had not struck a very rich vein of conversation there either.

At the end of the first course, the waiter asked what he would have for dessert? "Wot ha' ye got?"

"O several kinds of pie, apple, custard, pumpkin, and lemon maringue pie and cabinet pudding."

"Waal, I reckon when *pie's* the stakes, I'm good fur the hull shootin' match."

W-hen he had finished the "hull shootin' match" of pie, he called out to the waiter, "Say, Mister, wot's the damages?"

Then he rose, took his hat and was about to depart, when it suddenly occurred to him, that etiquette demanded something more; he glanced, once more, in my direction, twirled his hat bashfully and sat down. I had ordered some fruit, "Purty nice showin' o' fruit, ain't it? I presume that's extry?"

"O no! that's included in the menu." Then seeing that he really did not understand, I explained, "You can begin with the soup, if you like, and take anything or everything down to the cheese and coffee."

"Aw, say! I wish to laws, I'd a knowed that! but I'm green, I am, ben living in the woods fur the last thirty year and I'm kine o' behindhand on manners; this is the fu'st time I've been on a eatin' car, but I'm larnin', I'm larnin'."

"Won't you have some fruit?" I asked.

"Waal, I don't mind if I do," and he fairly beamed as he helped himself to a banana. Then he chuckled "Gosh! I never thought I'd have the cheek to set and talk to society-lady like you. Might I make so bold as to ask, are you goin' fur?"

"Not to-day," I answered. "Just as far as Sault Ste. Marie." "Say, I wish to laws, you was goin' through to Bawston. You see I got a brother livin' in Bawston, 'at I ain't seen fur the last thirty years, an' I'm goin' to see him now. I'm kine o' behind hand on manners an' I thought mebbe, if you was to steer me through this eatin' car once or twice more, I'd be able to do things up purty slick time I got to Bawston'."

Here I recommended the apples, and just as he was helping himself to one, the waiter happened to place before him a pair of nut-crackers; he glanced helplessly from the apple to the nutcrackers as if he thought they were some new kind of patent peeler. I passed him a fruit knife and casually cracked a nut. During the course of our conversation, I learned that he superintended gangs of men who estimated on timber limits, and on his own topics, found him intelligent and interesting. At the end of our timber talk, he banged his hand down on the table and said "Look y' here, I never talked to a woman about these things afore and I think it's a durned shame, that them men, that are out in the woods with me, that only know enough to 'arn in nine months wot'll keep them drunk for the rest o' the year,—I say, I think it's a darned shame that they sh'd hev' a vote and an intelligent woman like you *shouldn't.*"

A little later, the waiter brought the finger-bowls. He was about to raise his to his lips when he realized

his mistake and sheepishly followed my example, plunging his huge hands into the tiny bowl.

When I rose to go, he stretched out a hand. "I'm much obleeged to you, Miss, I've larned a lot from you, a durned lot. I wouldn't ha' knowed wot half them implements was fur, if I hadn't seed you usin' 'em. Why, 'twas as good as a play to see you washin' yer hands in that little glass washbasin."

When I left the train, he accompanied me to the platform, shook hands once more, and couldn't thank me sufficiently for the "Durned lot o' manners" I had taught him.

"I wish ye luck, Miss, and my wife says, that happiness is the best kind o' luck a woman can have, so, I wish ye *Happiness to the top o' the glass and brimmin' over.*"

—Jessie Alexander.

LIFE'S GRANDEST THING

WHAT is the grandest work of all?
The work that comes every day,
The work that waits us on every hand
Is the work that for us is truly grand,
And the love of work is our pay.

What is the highest life of all?
It is living, day after day,
True to ourselves and true to the right,
Living the truth from dawn till night,
And the love of truth for our pay.

What is the grandest thing of all?
Is it finding heaven some day?
No, and a thousand times say no
'Tis making this old world thrill and glow
With the sun of Love till each shall know
Something of heaven here below
And God's "well done" for our pay.

—JEAN BLEWETT.

IN A LONDON PICTURE-GALLERY

WE had spent the whole day in viewing the pictures of the Royal Academy, London, and at last, when our eyes had grown tired of the glare of color and our minds of the hundreds of impressions that had passed before them, we found it a relief to turn them from the figures on the painted canvas, to the living models moving about the rooms, studying the various pictures.

Opposite where we sat hung one of Marcus Stone's small canvases, the subject has since become a familiar one; there was the usual park background with rustic bench in the foreground; at one end of the bench was seated a pretty maiden in old English style of dress; next her an old lady, with cork-screw curls, lines of the face drawn down, and altogether, a very severe expression of countenance; the other end of the bench was occupied by a young man in cocked hat and knee-breeches, vainly trying to steal a glance at the pretty girl guarded by the grim sentinel. The picture was called "George and the Dragon," and many were the smiles and comments which it elicited.

Presently, a white-haired old gentleman, accompanied by two silvery-haired aristocratic, old ladies, approached.

The gentleman carried the catalogue—the man

always does in England—and the ladies appealed to him for the names of the pictures. I noticed he frequently made a mistake in the numbers, and gave the most classical names to the most common-place subjects and *vice versa.*

"Ah, here's a dainty little bit!" he exclaimed, pausing in front of the aforenamed painting, "One of Marcus Stone's I see, very nice indeed."

"He always has such pretty girls in his pictures," declared one of the old ladies. "What's the name of it, dear?"

"454, um—a—let me see! 451-52-53-ah! Here we are, 454 'George and the Dragon'."

"Ah! I suppose the young man's Gawge, but where's the Dragon?" They searched in the grass and behind the painted trees for the Dragon, and failed to find it.

"Are you quite sure you've got the right number, dear?"

"4—5—4 George and the Dragon! That's most extraordinary! They do give such meaningless names to pictures now-a-days." And they passed on. The old gentleman, however, was not satisfied, he saw people smiling over the picture and felt that he had missed a joke, so he returned, catalogue in hand, and studied the picture seriously for five minutes. Then, bursting into hearty laughter, he summoned the old ladies to his side.

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Very Good! Very good indeed! Ha! Ha! Ha! Capital! Why, the old

lady's the Dragon, don't yee see?" The old ladies were mildly astonished, then highly indignant and one of them thought it was "a very coarse jest, very coarse indeed—quite unworthy of an artist." And Stone sank forever in her estimation.

A day or two later, when at a five o'clock tea, the pictures of the Royal Academy were being discussed and some one remarked, "I see Marcus Stone sends his usual contribution," I ventured to tell the incident of the white-haired trio; one monocled gentleman joined in at the end of the laugh, with a mirthless "Ha! Ha! Ha!" in which there was no recognition of a joke. A few moments later, he crossed over to where I was sitting and said, "That was a capital story of youahs, abaht the Mahcus Stown pictuah, I didn't quite see the point, at first, but it was very good! Of coahse, it *should* have been *'Saint* George and the Dragon.'"

I wanted to ask him if he was a relative of the old gentleman's, but I didn't dare.

—Jessie Alexander.

THE LAY OF THE BRAVE CAMERON

AT Quatre Bras when the fight ran high,
Bold Cameron stood with watchful eye,
Eager to leap as a mettlesome hound,
Into the fray with a plunge and a bound,
But Wellington, lord of the cool command,
Held the reins with a steady hand,
Saying, "Cameron wait, you'll soon have enough,
Give the Frenchmen a taste of your stuff,
When the Cameron men are wanted."

Now hotter and hotter the battle grew,
With tramp and rattle and wild halloo,
Till the Frenchmen poured in a fiery flood,
Right on the ditch where the Camerons stood.
Then Wellington flashed from his steadfast stance,
On his Captain brave, a lightning glance,
Saying, "Cameron now, have at them boy.
Take care of the road to Charleroi
Where the Cameron men are wanted."

Brave Cameron shot, like a shaft from a bow,
Into the midst of the plunging foe,
And with him the lads whom he loved, like a torrent
Sweeping the rocks in its foamy current;
And he fell the first in the fervid fray,
Where a deathful shot had shoved its way,
But his men pushed on where the work was rough,

Giving the Frenchmen a taste of their stuff,
When the Cameron men were wanted.

Bold Cameron then from the battle's roar,
His foster brother stoutly bore,
His foster brother with service true,
Back to the village of Waterloo.
And they laid him on the soft green sod,
Where he breathed his spirit back to God,
But not till he heard the loud hurrah
Of Victory, billowed from Quatre Bras,
Where the Cameron men were wanted.

By the road to Ghent they buried him then,
That noble chief of the Cameron men,
And not an eye was tearless seen,
That day beside the village green,
Wellington wept,—the iron man
And from every eye in the Cameron Clan,
The big round drop in bitterness fell,
As with the pipes he loved so well,
His funeral wail they chanted.

And now he sleeps—for they bore him home
When the war was done, across the foam—
Beneath the shadow of Nevis Ben
By his sires, the pride of the Cameron men.
Three thousand Highlandmen stood around,
As they laid him to rest in his native ground,
The Cameron brave whose eye never quailed
Whose heart never sank and whose hand never failed,
When a Cameron man was wanted.

—By Prof. John Stewart Blackie.

SHE LIKED HIM RALE WEEL

THE Spring had brought out the green leaf on the trees,
And the flow'rs were unfolding their sweets to the bees,
When Jock says to Jenny, "Come, Jenny, agree,
And just say the bit word that ye'll marry me."
She held down her head like a lily sae meek,
And the blush o' the rose fled awa' frae her cheek,
And she said, "Gang awa, man! your head's in a creel."
She didna let on that she liked him rale weel.
Aye! she liked him rale weel,
O! she liked him rale weel,
But she didna let on that she liked him rale weel.

Now Jock says, "Oh, Jenny, for a twalmonth and mair,
Ye ha'e kept me just hanging 'tween hope and despair,
But, Oh! Jenny, last night something whisper'd to me—
That I'd better lie down at the dyke side and dee."
To keep Jock in life, she gave in to be tied.
And soon they were book'd and three times they were cried;
Love danced in Jock's heart, and hope joined the reel;
He was sure that his Jenny did like him rale weel.
Aye! she liked him rale weel,
Oh! she liked him rale weel,
But she never let on that she liked him rale weel.

SHE LIKED HIM RALE WEEL

When the wedding day cam', to the manse they did
stap,
At the door they gat welcome frae Mr. Dunlap,
Wha chained them to love's matrimonial stake;
Syne they a' took a dram and a mouthfu' o' cake,
Then the minister said, "Jock, be kind to your Jenny,
Nae langer she's tied to the string o' her Minnie;
Noo, Jenny, will ye aye be couthie and leal?"
"Yes, sir," simper'd she, "for I like him rale weel."
Aye! she liked him rale weel,
O! she liked him rale weel;
Quo' he, "That's but nat'ral, to like him rale weel."

—Andrew Wanless.

A LONDON LYRIC

I AM a clerk in prison held,
To a fat ledger manacled,
And she a thing of milk and pearl—
A little pale typewriter girl.
This is her name—Eurydice;
And she and I . . . And I and she. . . !

High over London Town we greet:
Our windows stare across the street;
And from the chasm flung between
Comes up the roar of tides unseen.
This solitude the gods allow
To birds upon the topmost bough!

And from my high and sheltered nook,
By peering up across my book,
I see her dainty fingers play,
From hour to hour and day to day,
That restless clacking melody
That seems a song of love to me.

And she can lean a little down
And waft a smile back, or a frown;
For love and work a warfare wage,
And in the middle of the page—
(That imp machine must bear the blame!)
The naughty keys will type my name!

And though to see her I am glad,
The endless columns that I add
Sometimes refuse to add up right;
The figures dance upon my sight,
Till I discover, tangled there,
A straying tress of tawny hair!

And every day at twelve fifteen
She covers up her tired machine,
And like a bird she seems to drift
On drooping pinion down the lift,
And meets me, breathless, at the door:
The wheels of life begin once more.

We dip into a hidden den
Where our own corner waits us; then
I watch her busy with the tea—
One lump for her, and two for me!—
Our hands may touch. Who would not be
In Hades with Eurydice?

And then the afternoon drags on,
Till I look up—and it is gone!
She nods—two hat-pins in her mouth—
And so the end of my long drouth!
For punctually at five past five
In London Town the gods arrive!

And as we saunter, every street
Is a strewn carpet for our feet,
Or golden staircase to a throne;

A LONDON LYRIC

And all the city is our own!
The traffic chants a wedding psalm:
Each with a dream walks arm in arm!

At last we pause for parting where
A gaping blackness waits for her.
The door upon my longing clangs:
A dragon has her in his fangs!
And she is swallowed up from me—
My little wan Eurydice!

And she is hurried far away
Beneath my feet; then dies my day.
And, lacking just that little face,
The city is a lonely place.
On all a mist has drifted down,
And London Town is—London Town!

But every morn at half-past eight
At those dark portals I await,
Where the pale prisoners of Night
Are spilled again up to the light.
The black earth yields her up to me:
I look not back—Eurydice.

—Arthur Adams.

THE COURTING O' THE WIDOW

A BOUNCING young widow living up in the moors,
Ae day sat down just to tak her four'oors,
She took a bit bite syne a sirple o' tea—
When down fell the saucer, and up jumpit she!
"Guid guide us," she cried, "Losh, Tam, is that you?
Or is it yer ghost? hech! my heart's at ma mou',
What a gliff ye ha'e gi'en me! Come Tam man, sit doon,
Till I throw aff my spencer and draw on my goon."

Quo' Tam, "Ay it's me." Soon she raxed him a chair;
He took aff his bonnet, syne clawed at his hair,
He glower'd, and he geekit, and he simper'd ye ken,
For he wanted a wife like the Laird o' Cockpen.
Quo' the widow, "Come Tam man, just draw in yer sate,
Here's a cup and a saucer, a knife and a plate,
There's a fadge and a scone, sae pit oot your hand;
Puir man! your wife's dead, man, as I understand."

Said he, "Aye she's deid—she is deid just a'e year,"
Now the widow look'd grand 'tween a smile an' a tear!
Quo' she, "Tam, I wat, Tam, we've guid cause to compleen,
For I've lost my Sandy and ye've lost yer Jean."

THE COURTING O' THE WIDOW

Wi' this Tam crap near her, and thus he did say:
"I've thought aboot you, mem, by night and by day,
An' if ye'll consent, mem, to buckle wi' me—
Slip twa lumps o' sugar in my cup o' tea!"

The widow look'd up to the rafters aboon,
Syne she glower'd at the sugar syne play'd wi' the spoon,
Then doon o'er her cheek a big tear did rin,
As her e'e fell on Tam, hech! the sugar gead in!
Now up frae his chair Tam jumpit wi' speed,
An' he laid his big hand on the croon o' her head,
The widow rose up an' she cried in her glee—
"Ye'll aye hae twa lumps, Tam, in your cup o' tea!"

—Andrew Wanless.

MY SHIPS

IF all the ships I have at sea
Should come asailing home to me,
Laden with precious gems and gold,
Ah well! The harbour would not hold
So many ships as there would be,
If all my ships came home to me.

If half my ships came home to me
And brought their precious freight to me,
Ah well! I should have wealth as great
As any King that sits in state,
So rich a treasure there would be,
In half my ships now out at sea.

If but one ship I have at sea
Should come asailing home to me,
Ah well! The storm clouds then might frown
For if the others all went down
Still rich and glad and proud I'd be,
If that one ship came home to me.

If that one ship went down at sea
And all the others came to me,
Weighed down with gems and wealth untold,
With honor, riches, glory, gold,
The poorest soul on earth I'd be
If that one ship came not to me.

MY SHIPS

O skies be calm, O wind blow free,
Blow all my ships home to me!
But if thou sendest one awrack
To never more come sailing back
Send all the rest that skim the sea
But bring my love ship home to me.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

PRIOR TO MISS BELLE'S APPEARANCE

WHAT makes you come here fer, Mister,
So much to our house?—Say?
Come to see our big sister!—
An' Charley he says 'at you kissed her,
An' he ketched you, thuther day!—
Didn't you, Charley?—But we p'omised Belle
An' crossed our heart to never to tell—
'Cause she gived us some o' them-er
Chawk'lut-drops 'at you bringed to her!

Charley, he's my little b'uther—
An' we has a-mostest fun,
Don't we, Charley?—Our Muther,
Whenever we whips one-anuther,
Tries to whip us—an' we run—
Don't we, Charley?—an' nen, bime-by,
Nen she gives us cake—an' pie—
Don't she, Charley?—when we come in
An' p'omise never to do it agin!

He's named Charley.—I'm Willie—
An' I'm got the purtiest name!
But Uncle Bob he calls me "Billy"
Don't he, Charley?—'Nour filly
We named "Billy," the same

MISS BELLE'S APPEARANCE

Ist like me! An' our Ma said
'At "Bob puts foolishnuss into our head!"
Didn't she, Charley?—An' she don't know
Much about boys!—'Cause Bob said so!

Baby's a funniest feller!
'Naint no hair on his head—
Is they, Charley? It's meller
Wite up there! an' ef Belle er
Us ask wuz we that way, Ma said,—
"Yes; an' yer Pa's head wuz soft as that,
An' its that way yet!"—An' Pa grabs his hat
An' says, "Yes, children, she's right about Pa—
'Cause that's the reason he married yer Ma!"

An' our Ma says 'at "Belle couldn'
Ketch nothin' at all but ist beaux"—
An' Pa says 'at "you're soft as puddin'!"—
An' Uncle Bob says "you're a good-un—
'Cause he can tell by yer nose!"—
Didn't he, Charley? An' when Belle'll play
In the poller on th' pianer, some day,
Bob makes up funny songs about you,
Till she gits mad—like he wants her to!

Our sister Fanny she's 'leven
Years old! 'At's mucher an I—
Ain't it, Charley? . . . . . I'm seven!—
But our sister Fanny's in Heaven!
Nere's where you go ef you die!—

MISS BELLE'S APPEARANCE

Don't you, Charley? Nen you has wings—
Ist like Fanny!—an' purtiest things!—
Don't you, Charley? An' nen you can fly—
Ist fly—an' ever'thing! . . . . Wisht I'd die!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

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THE SONG IN THE MARKET PLACE

(A verse of Kate Vannah's "Lullaby" may be effectively sung by a tenor in the middle of verse five and another at end of verse nine.)

GAY was the throng that poured through the streets
of the old French town;
The walls with bunting streamed, and the flags tossed
up and down.
"Vive! l'roi! Vive! l'roi!"—the shouts of the people
rent the air,
The cannon shook and roared, and the bells were all
a-blare.

But, crouched by St. Peter's fount, a beggar with her
child,
Weary and faint and starved, with eyes that were sad
and wild,
Gazed on the passing crowd, and cried, as it went and
came—
"Alms, for the love of God! Pity in Jesu's name!"

Few were the coins that fell in the little cup she bore,
But she looked at her starving babe and cried from her
heart the more—
"Alms, for the love of God! Mother of Jesu, hear!"
The steeple shook with bells and the prayer was drown-
ed in a cheer.

But see! through the thoughtless crowd comes one with a regal face,
He catches the beggar's prayer and turns with a gentle grace;
"Alms, thou shalt have, poor soul!—Alas, not a sou to share!
But stay!"—and he doffs his hat and stands in the crowded square.

Then from his heart he sang a little song of the south,
A far off cradle song that fell from his mother's mouth.

Verse of Tenor Song

And the din was hushed in the square, and the people stood as mute,
As the beasts in the Thracian wood, when Orpheus touched his lute.

Refrain of Song

The melting tenor ceased, and a sob from the list'ners came.
"Mario!" cried a voice, and the throng caught up the name.
"Mario!" and the coins rained in a shower of gold,
Till the singer's hat o'erflowed like Midas' chests of old.

"Sister," he said, and turned to the beggar crouching there,
"Take it, the gold is thine; Jesu hath heard thy prayer."

THE SONG IN THE MARKET PLACE

Then kissed the white-faced child, and smiling went his way,
Gladdened with kindly thoughts and the joy of holiday.

That night, when the footlights shone on the famous tenor's face.
And he bowed to the splendid throng with his wonted princely grace,
Cheer after cheer went up, and, stormed at with flowers, he stood
Like a dark and noble pine, when blossoms blow through the wood.

Wilder the tumult grew, till out of his fine despair,
The thought of the beggar rose and the song he had sung in the square,
Raising his hand, he smiled and a silence filled the place
As he sang that simple song with the love-light in his face.

Verse of Tenor Song

Wet were the singer's cheeks when the last note died away.
Brightest of all his bays, the wreath that he won that day,
Sung for the love of God, sung for sweet pity's sake,
Song of the market-place, tribute of laurel take.

—James Buckham.

ELOCUTIONARY FADS

Arranged by Jessie Alexander.

THE elocutionary fad strikes humanity at an early stage of existence and is usually evident for the first time, when Gladys, Madeline, or Dorothy steps forward at a school exhibition to justify her fond parents' faith in her future "brilliant career." With frequent loss of breath, many swallowings of lumps in her throat, occasional lapses of memory and absolutely literal gestures, she adds her own unconsciously burlesque effects to the mock tragic rhyme.

"The Little Peach."

(1)

"A little peach in an orchard grew,
A little peach of emerald hue (2)
Warmed by (3) the sun and wet by (4) the dew
It (5) grew.

(6)

Through the orchard walked John and Sue,
They (7) saw the peach of emerald hue,
As (8) on the peach tree there it grew,
They (9) two!

(10) Up at the peach a strick they threw
Down (11) fell the peach of emerald hue
Down at the feet of John and Sue (12)
(13) That's true!

John (14) took a bite and Sue, (15) a chew,
And then (16) the trouble began to brew
Trouble the doctors (17) could not subdue
Ginger and paregoric too.
(18) too true!

So (19) under the turf when the daisies grew,
(20) They planted John and his sister Sue
And (21) up to the angels their little souls (22) flew
(23) Boo hoo!"

1 Swallow and point with index finger.
2 "Emerald" explain in parenthesis "green hue."
3 Emphasize "by" and point to sun.
4 Emphasize "by"—indicate dew falling by fluttering of fingers.
5 Swallow.
6 Walk swinging skirt.
7 Hand above eyes scanning the landscape.
8 Pout with index finger.
9 Hold up two index fingers.
10 Motion of throwing.
11 Follow motion through the air.
12 Touch feet.
13 Shake index finger at audience.
14 Action of biting.
15 Action of chewing.
16 Hands on stomach.
17 Shake head sadly.
18 Sob.
19 Point to turf.
20 Action of planting.
21 Point upward.
22 Arms extended in action of flying.
23 Weep and exit with a "bob" for a bow.

The next phase of the elocutionary epidemic breaks out in the aesthetic society young lady who has studied

"Delsarte." In flowing Grecian robes, and with very thin and at times inaudible tones and curving line gestures, she announces "I shall have the pleasuah of interpreting the pathetic po-em, The Little Peach."

(I have suggested in the child's recitation the expression suitable to that characterization. Any reciter who can carry out the burlesque intention of this sketch can easily supply in case of the aesthetic young lady, the affected poses, the tableau effects, the fading away of the voice at the end of each line, the precision of articulation, the curtseys, the clasped hands, the upraised eyes, the elaborate bows to right and left with hand on heart as she speaks the final "adieu.")

But the most violent phase of the Elocutionary Fad is manifested by the Amateur Tragedian. He, too, essays to portray the Tr-r-ragedy of "The Litt-ul Pe-each."

In deep chest tones, with swinging stride, with tearing of hair and beating of breast, he leads John and Sue to the tragic end.

(The success of these three portrayals depends, of course, solely on the reciter's own sense of burlesque, the more absurd the characterizations, the finer is the effect.)

Substitute "Adieu" for Boo hoo! in the two later "interpretations."

THE WIND AND THE MOON

SAID the wind to the moon, "I will blow you out.
You stare
In the air
Like a ghost in a chair,
Always looking what I am about;
I hate to be watched; I will blow you out."

The wind blew hard and out went the moon.
So, deep
On a heap
Of clouds, to sleep,
Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon—
Muttering low, "I 've done for that Moon."

He turned in his bed; she was there again!
On high
In the sky,
With her one ghost eye,
The Moon shone white and alive and plain.
Said the Wind—"I will blow you out again."

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew dim.
"With my sledge
And my wedge
I have knocked off her edge!
If only I blow right fierce and grim,
The creature will soon be dimmer than dim."

THE WIND AND THE MOON

He blew and he blew, and she thinned to a thread.
"One puff
More's enough
To blow her to snuff!
One good puff more where the last was bred,
And glimmer, glimmer, glum will go the thread!"

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone;
In the air
Nowhere
Was a moonbeam bare;
Far off and harmless the shy stars shone;
Sure and certain the Moon was gone!

The Wind he took to his revels one more;
On down,
In town,
Like a merry mad clown,
He leaped and halloed with whistle and roar,
"What's that?" The glimmering thread once more!

He flew in a rage—he danced and blew;
But in vain
Was the pain
Of his bursting brain;
For still the broader the Moon-scrap grew,
The broader he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

Slowly she grew—till she filled the night,
And shone
On her throne
In the sky alone,

THE WIND AND THE MOON

A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, the Queen of the Night.

Said the Wind—"What a marvel of power am I!
With my breath
Good faith!
I blew her to death—
First blew her away right out of the sky—
Then blew her in; what a strength am I!"

But the Moon she knew nothing about the affair,
For, high
In the sky,
With her one white eye,
Motionless, miles above the air,
She had never heard the great wind blare.

—George MacDonald.

TOTAL ANNIHILATION

(The realistic munching of an imaginary apple is the sole feature of this fragment.)

OH he was a Bowery boot-black bold,
And his years they numbered nine.
Rough and unpolished was he
Albeit he constantly aimed to "shine."

Proud as a King on his box he sat
Munching an apple red
While the boys of his set looked wistfully on.
And "give us a bite," they said.

That boot-black smiled a lordly smile
"No free bites here," he cried
Then his comrades sadly walked away
Save one who stood at his side.

"Bill, give us the core," he whispered low,
That boot-black smiled once more,
And a mischievous dimple grew in his cheek
"There ain't goin' to be no core."

A NOCTURAL SKETCH

(To make this effective, the rhyming words must be given as though occurring spontaneously to the mind of the reciter.)

EVEN has come; and from the dark park—hark!
The signal of the setting sun—one gun;
And six is sounding from the chime—prime time
To go and see the Drury-lane Dane slain,
Or hear Othello's doubt spout out,
Or Macbeth, raving at that shade-made blade,
Denying to his fanatic clutch—much touch;
Or else to see Ducrow with wide stride ride
Four horses, as no other man can span,
Or in the small, Olympic pit, sit, split,
Laughing at Liston, while you quiz his phiz.

Anon night comes; and with her wings, brings—things,
Such as with his poetic tongue—Young sung.
The gas upblazes, with its bright—white—light,
And paralytic watchmen prowl,—howl,—growl
About the streets, and take up Pall-Mall Sall,
Who, hasting to her nightly jobs,—robs fobs.
Now thieves, to enter for your cash, smash, crash,
Past drowsy Charley in a deep sleep, creep,
But, frightened by Policeman B. Three,—flee,
And, while they're going, whisper low, "No go."
Now puss, while folks are in their beds, treads leads.
And sleepers waking, grumble "Drat that cat,"
Who in the gutter caterwauls, squalls, mauls

A NOCTURAL SKETCH

Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill will.
Now bulls of Bashan of a prize size, rise
In childish dream, and with a roar, gore poor
George or Charley, or Billy, willy-nilly;
But nurse-maid in a nightmare rest, chest-pressed,
Dreameth of one of her old flames, James Games,
And that she hears (What faith is man's!) Ann's bans
And his, from Rev. Mr. Rice, twice, thrice—
White ribbons flourish, and a stout shout-out
That upward goes shows Rose knows those beaux
woes.

—Thomas Hood.

THE CHARGE OF THE MAD BRIGADE

HALF a block, half a block,
Half a block onward!
Packed in the trolley-car,
Rode the Six Hundred.
Maiden and matron hale,
Tall spinster, thin and pale,
On to the bargain sale,
Rode the Six Hundred.

Carriage to right of them,
Auto to left of them,
Trolley in front of them
Rattled and thundered.
Forward through all the roar,
Straight through the crowd they bore,
To the T. Eaton Store,
Rode the Six Hundred.

Once at that Mart of trade,
Stern faced and unafraid,
Oh! the wild charge they made
All the clerks wondered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to pacify,
All the Six Hundred.

THE CHARGE OF THE MAD BRIGADE

On bargains still intent,
Homeward their way they went,
With cash and patience spent,
And friendships—sundered.
What tho' their gowns show rents!
What tho' their hats sport dents!
They have saved!—thirty cents!
Noble Six Hundred.

—ANON.

A LESSON IN OPTIMISM

A PESSIMIST mused in his garden (a thrush carolled high overhead):—

"We can't drive these Huns from their trenches; I don't see much progress," he said;
"If we stick in a groove we shan't get them to move,
I want to advance with a rush."
"Wait a bit! Wait a bit! Wait a bit! T-r-r-r-r-r! Wait a bit!" sang the thrush.

"There's that Kaiser," the pessimist brooded, his forehead all knotted and rough
"A powerful tyrant to tackle, relentless and terribly tough,
As I mark his career, I'm beginning to fear
He's a . . . . " pause, and then out of the hush,
"Silly fool! Silly fool! Silly fool! T-r-r-r-r-r! Silly fool!" sang the thrush.

"Twenty-four weary months we've been at it," the pessimist said with a groan,
"And think of the millions and millions it's cost us in Flanders alone;
When the end comes—ah me— where, where shall we be?"
From above came a voluble gush:—
"In Berlin! In Berlin! In Berlin! T-r-r-r-r-r! In Berlin On the Spree!" sang the thrush.

—"Punch."

CUDDLE DOON

THE bairnies cuddle doon at nicht,
Wi' muckle faucht an' din,
Oh, try and sleep, ye wakefu' rogues!
Yer faither's comin' in!
They niver heed a word I speak,
I try to gie a froon,
But aye, I hap them up an' cry
"Oh, bairnies! Cuddle doon!"

Wee Jamie wi' the curly heid—
He aye sleeps next the wa'—
Bangs up an' cries, "I want a piece"
The rascal starts them a'!
I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks,
They stop awee the soun',
Then draw the blankets up an' cry
"Oh, bairnies! Cuddle doon!"

But ere three minutes gang,
Wee Rab cries oot frae neath the claes
"Mither! Mak' Tam gie ower at once!
He's ticklin' wi' his taes!"
The mischief's in that Tam for tricks,
He'd bother half the toon!
Again I hap them up an' cry,
"Oh, bairnies! Cuddle doon."

CUDDLE DOON

At length, they hear their faither's fit,
An' as he steeks the door,
They turn their faces tae the wa',
While Tam pretends tae snore!
"Ha'e a' the weans been gude?" he asks,
As he pits aff his shoon,
"The bairnies, John, are in their beds
An' lang since, cuddled doon."

An' juist afore we bed oorsel's,
We look at oor wee lambs,
Tam has his airm roon' wee Rab's neck,
An Rab his airm roon' Tam's.
I lift wee Jamie up the bed
An' as I straik each croon,
I whisper till ma heart fills up,
"Oh, bairnies! Cuddle doon."

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht,
Wi' mirth that's dear tae me,
But soon the big warld's cark an' care
Will quaten doon their glee;
But come what will, tae ilka ane
May he who sits aboon
Aye whisper though their heids be bald
"Oh, bairnies! Cuddle doon."

—Alexander Anderson.

Warwick Bro's & Rutter, Limited, Printers and Bookbinders, Toronto, Canada.

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